



No. 352.—Vol. XXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



COLONEL R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL, COMMANDING HER MAJESTY'S FORCES AT MAFEKING.

He is a dashing cavalry officer, and has done splendid service as a commander of "Irregulars" in Zululand, Ashanti, and in the Matabele War.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

THE CLUBMAN.

I have the honour to count General Sir William Symons amongst my friends, and can bear witness to his invariable cheerfulness and kindness, as well as to his fine soldierly qualities. Many men would have been soured by the bad luck which always seemed to follow as a shadow his brilliant achievements. In Burmah he was a temporary Brigadier-General, but, after winning the admiration of all soldiers by the untiring energy with which he hunted the rebel Boers from shelter to shelter, and by the extraordinary amount of cheerful work he got out of his men in the Chin Hills, he returned to India to find himself simply an unemployed Colonel. Made Assistant-Adjutant-General for Musketry, he worked up the shooting of the Indian Army to a very high state of efficiency; but, his time in that appointment finished, I met him again, a simple regimental officer, commanding his battalion at Aden. Then came an appointment in India, a transfer to Natal, victory, and a Boer bullet, which, as I write, has fortunately not proved fatal.

The Military Clubs are all comparatively empty owing to the exodus to South Africa; but the Club that has had its ranks thinned the most is the Guards' Club, whose little house with a bow-window in Pall Mall has been deserted temporarily by near a third of its members, for the officers going with the battalions of the Guards do not represent by any means the total of the Guardsmen who are going to Africa. Many Guardsmen have been lucky enough to be given Staff billets, and others, eager to go out in any capacity, have been attached to the Army Service Corps and other departments.

"Good the Guards!" is becoming a military catchword, just as "Steady the Buffs" and half-a-dozen other short sentences of the kind are. "Good the Guards!" might well be said by those privileged people who looked carefully over the Scots Guards and the Coldstreams, stiffened by their Reserve men and the Reserve men of the battalions of Guards which go from Gibraltar. Here and there there was a Reserve man who had put on too much flesh since he left the ranks, but the average physique of the men justifies the application of the term "magnificent" to them, and as I looked at the great, brawny fellows, and remembered what the average Boer farmer is, I almost felt sorry that we are using such fine material. It is pitting a mastiff against a lurcher.

In royal "good-byes" the Scots Guards were more favoured than the other corps, for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, informally, as an especial mark of friendship to Colonel Paget, and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, formally, as Colonel of the regiment, inspected them, and bade them good-bye.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge is Colonel of the Grenadiers, and, as such, inspected the detachment of that regiment, and the Coldstreams as well, who paraded on the same barrack-square. His Royal Highness being not in uniform, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, who, next to the Duke, was the senior officer on parade, followed his example. Lord Roberts walked down the ranks with Lord Lansdowne, and it must have recalled to the two friends of long standing the many occasions when one, as Commander-in-Chief, escorted the other, as Viceroy, down the ranks at ceremonial parades in India.

An extra thrill was felt by the spectators at the saluting-point at the inspection of the Guards at Wellington Barracks, for Lord Lansdowne was handed, as he came on to parade, a telegram describing the fighting at Glencoe, and the news was passed from mouth to mouth.

It was talked of among the groups of old officers of the Guards at the inspection that some old debts of kindness are being now repaid. For instance, Colonel Stopford, commanding the 2nd Coldstreams, was at one time A.D.C. to General Steele at Dublin. He takes out with him to South Africa, as Adjutant, Captain Steele, the son of his old General. This is only one out of several similar cases.

The energy of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge is inexhaustible. After inspecting the Coldstreams and Grenadiers, he went on a surprise visit to St. John's Wood Barracks, inspected the Battery there, and went minutely into details. An evening at the theatre finished a day that most men of forty would have found exhausting.

Sir Thomas Lipton's good-temper under defeat has won for him a host of sympathisers in Clubland. As he has not brought back the Cup, discussion as to the part to be played by the Royal Squadron Yacht Club in a race sailed for the Cup in English waters is useless. There is no Club, the Jockey Club excepted, that is so difficult to become a member of as the Squadron, and it is one of the few Clubs that no man should feel resentment in being "pilled" for. Most men who are members have not got in at their first ballot. Sir Thomas Lipton is not a member, and his name is not on the list of candidates.

The Grosvenor Club, which has thriven wonderfully under the care of Captain Gordon, the present Secretary, has been sold by Lord Wantage, the owner, to a small syndicate, in which Mr. Wyndham, the actor-manager, holds a preponderating share. The great concert-hall in the Club has always been rather a white elephant to the Committee, and more than once of late years there has been talk of pulling the house down and building chambers in its place. The Club, however, under Captain Gordon's care has thriven so well, and its concerts have been such pleasant entertainments, that I hope the new owners of the property will leave matters as they are.

The Eccentric, a little Bohemian Club within a stone's throw of Piccadilly Circus, is likely to become a members' Club instead of, as now, being controlled financially by a small company. The financial success of this Club shows that a combination of the Bohemian and business-like temperaments is possible.

THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

The second week of the war is now drawing to a close, and has been productive of rather more episodes of interest than has been the one that preceded it. At any rate, that events have now taken a serious turn is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that it was announced in the House of Commons last week that the Militia are to be embodied. Nevertheless, so far as actual fighting goes, it seems that until Oct. 20 little but raids and rumours of raids took place in the strategical area. Early on Friday morning, however, the enemy (who on the previous night had gathered in force on the surrounding hills) opened fire on Glencoe Camp. Thereupon our artillery responded, and with such effect that in less than half-an-hour the Boer field-guns were almost entirely silenced. General Joubert's forces (computed at 9000) were then engaged by our infantry, with a result that proved decidedly disastrous for the former. Later telegrams from the front brought more detailed news, and revealed how severe the fighting was. In addition to the wound sustained by General Symons (which, it is feared, may prove mortal), the following heavy casualty list resulted: Officers—killed, 10; wounded, 22; non-commissioned officers and men—killed, 33; wounded, 161. Worthy as was the achievement by our arms (for Majuba was completely reversed thereby), the cost is an exceedingly heavy one. On the enemy, however, the loss was far larger, for it is estimated that some 1200 of them fell on this hard-fought field. Six of their guns, a large number of their waggons, and almost the whole of their commissariat were also captured by us. On the following day Sir George White fought a stubborn action at Elands Laagte, with the result that another decisive defeat was inflicted on the Boers. In this instance our casualty list is estimated at 160. The effect of these victories by our troops is incalculable, and should go far to bring this unfortunate war to a speedy termination.

Before these events occurred, however, several passages of arms took place at various points on the western border of the Transvaal. The majority of these were in the vicinity of Mafeking and Vryburg. Unfortunately, such ultra-sensational reports have been circulated in connection with these different engagements that it is practically impossible to determine with any certainty what has happened here. Luridly recounted stories of "Big Boer Battle—Awful Slaughter!" &c., however, may be promptly cast aside, for they are somewhat discounted by the terse War Office intimation, "The news is not confirmed." Nevertheless, it is only likely that some serious fighting has occurred in the neighbourhood on several occasions. Thus, on Oct. 14 and 16, Mafeking was attacked vigorously; but, happily, Colonel Baden-Powell, in command here, proved too strong, and little but the destruction of a couple of bridges was accomplished by the Boers.

At the time of writing, the tactics of the enemy are obviously concerned with a simultaneous concentration on Ladysmith, Glencoe, and Dundee. For this purpose three strong columns have already been organised—two from the Transvaal and one from the Orange Free State. The latter (which is being led by General Prinsloo) is making its way through the Tintwa and Van Reenen Passes, while the two former are slowly marching southwards. So far as one can see, the direct "objective" of this manœuvre is to isolate as far as possible our strong position at Glencoe and to prevent help being sent up there from Ladysmith. Sir George White, however, has first to be reckoned with, and, as he has some twelve thousand "good men and true" behind him at this latter place, it is scarcely likely that Commandant Joubert's intentions will be brought to a successful conclusion. As recounted above, two serious reverses have already been sustained by him.

On the arrival in South Africa (in about sixteen days' time) of Sir Redvers Buller, the various divisions of the Army Corps will have their bases at Capetown, Port Elizabeth, East London, and Durban, respectively. By this arrangement, Lord Methuen will operate on the western border of the Free State and the Transvaal, and General Clery against the southern border of the Free State. With regard to General Gatacre, it is probable that he will be detailed to support Clery between Bethulie and Aliwal North, while White, of course, will continue to repel incursions on Natal.

Before concluding this brief *résumé*, one feels compelled to pay a tribute to the celerity with which the official despatches from the seat of hostilities are cabled home and published in this country. The distance between London and Natal is approximately 7000 miles; nevertheless, in a little over four hours after the commencement of Friday's battle, General Symons' message was made known all over the kingdom. Such commendable promptitude as this does much to lessen the trials of suspense that once lent an added horror to war. By the military authorities in this country also cable-communication has been largely made use of. Among the messages thus despatched on Saturday was the gracious one from Her Majesty the Queen intimating that she had been pleased to recognise Sir W. Penn Symons' gallantry by specially promoting him to the substantive rank of Major-General. That the brave soldier may recover to enjoy the honour is the sincere hope of the country.

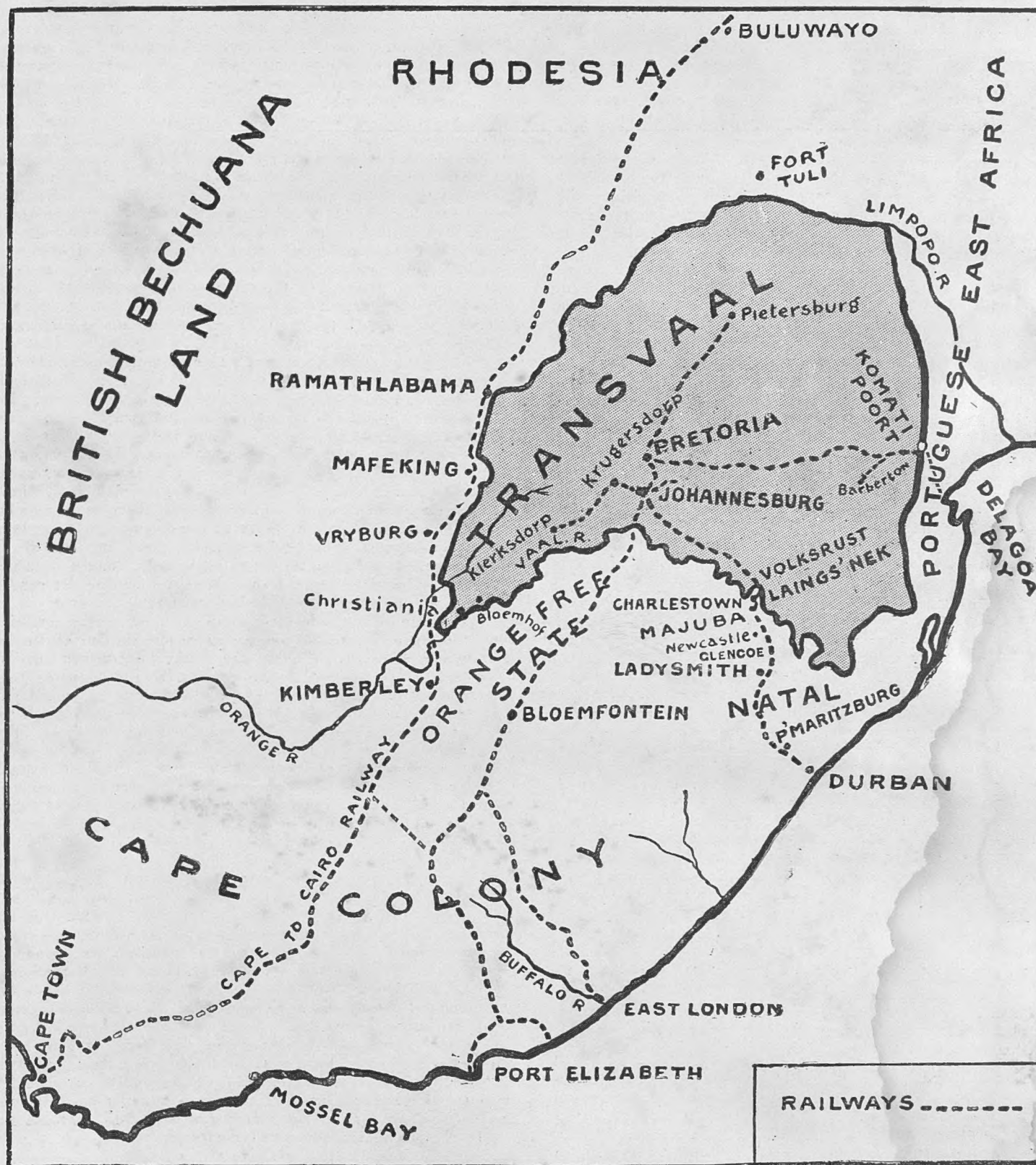
TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor is always glad to consider interesting photographs, for which payment will be made at the usual rates. He would urge upon contributors the necessity of clearly indicating on the photographs themselves the subjects represented, with the name and address of the sender; it should also be stated whether the contributor wishes the photo to be returned. Whenever possible, full explanatory notes in manuscript should be sent, in addition to the details written on the photograph.

FIRST COVENT GARDEN BALL.

Messrs. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth have anticipated the Paris Exhibition, for, as may be seen by our illustration on page 35, the setting for this season's Fancy-dress Balls is a most lifelike replica of that mighty show that is being prepared for us in the Gay City. According

Palais du Génie Civil and other buildings expected to attract considerable attention in 1900. The scenic accompaniments complete the whole of the half-circle running round the back from one side of the proscenium border to the other, and there are some pretty devices in coloured electric lamps, particularly in connection with the Eiffel Tower. Mr. Bruce Smith, the artist, is to be heartily congratulated on his skill, a sentiment that was freely endorsed by the many gaily and cleverly clad visitors



THE THEATRE OF WAR.

During the past week severe fighting has taken place in the district between Ladysmith and Glencoe. At Elands Laagte, near the former place, Sir George White followed up General Symons' victory at Glencoe by inflicting a second defeat on the Boers on Saturday morning. On the Western border matters have been somewhat quieter. Telegraphic communication, however, is still interrupted. The troops engaged under Sir George White were the 5th Lancers, detachments of the 5th Dragoon Guards, the Imperial Light Horse, and Natal Carabineers. The infantry were represented by the Devon and Manchester Regiments, with half a battalion of the Gordon Highlanders. In addition to these troops, three Field Batteries of Artillery were also employed. At Glencoe our force consisted of the 18th Hussars, three Field Batteries, two companies of Mounted Infantry, the 1st Leicester Regiment, the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and the 1st King's Royal Rifle Corps. General De Kock and Piet Joubert (nephew of the Boer Commander-in-Chief) have been captured. The death of the former is since reported.

to their scheme, the parquet floor forming the ball-room must be regarded as the Pont d'Iéna, the visitor looking across the Seine to the Champ de Mars. The Eiffel Tower, up to the first stage, spans the centre of the space behind the orchestra, and at the rear is seen the Palais de l'Electricité and the Château d'Eau, the fountain in front of the latter being illuminated in a very novel and effective manner. Near these are the

last Friday evening. On that occasion, as usual, several costly rewards for the best and most tasteful dresses were awarded, the lucky winner of the first prize carrying off a hundred-guinea diamond crescent and swallow, while others went away the proud possessors of dressing-cases, bicycles, salad-bowls, and the like. Truly a brilliant inauguration of what is sure to be a triumphant season!

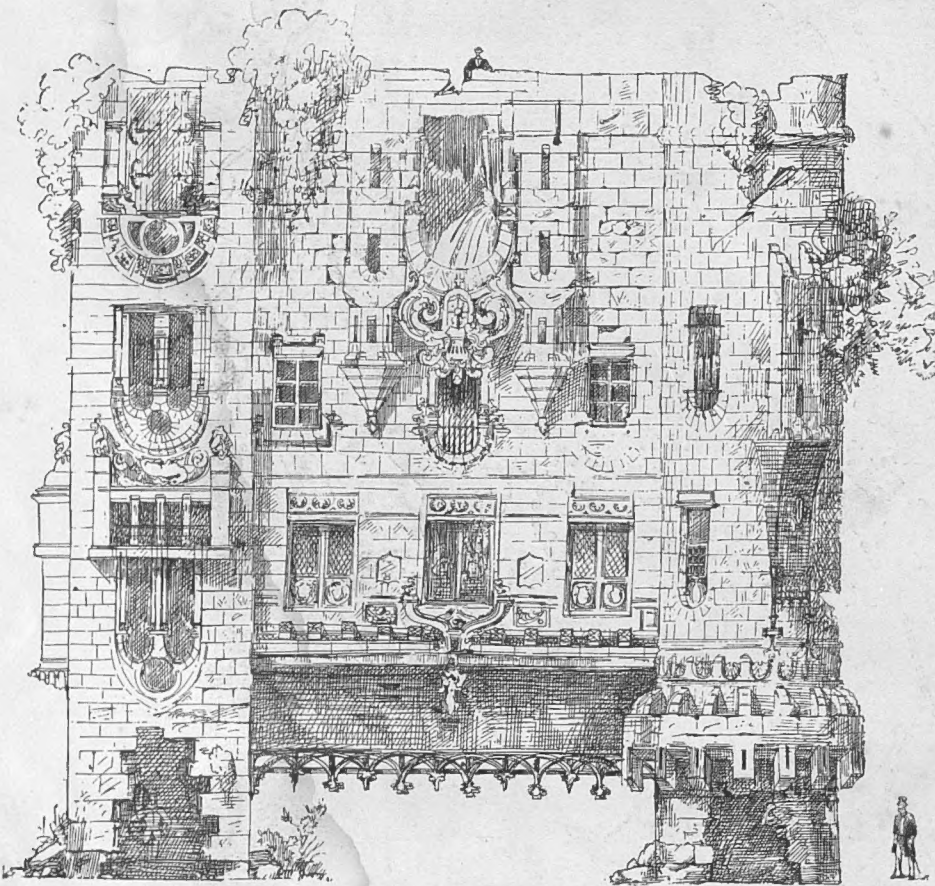
TOPSY-TURVYDOM: THE "MANOIR À L'ENVERS."

ONE OF THE MARVELS OF 1900.

Of the many sights that will make the fifty or sixty million visitors to the Paris Exhibition next year wonder whether they are treading the soil of the Ville Lumière or the enchanted paths of Fairyland itself, the "Manoir à l'Envers" bids fair to be the most astonishing. The idea of this new Home of Mystery is due to Mr. A. Kotin, a Russian engineer, from whom I have been fortunate enough to obtain the curious sketch reproduced here, and a short description of the building.

The "Manoir à l'Envers," Mr. A. Kotin told me, will represent externally, when completed, a feudal mansion *turned upside down*, the roof portion forming actually the foundation of the edifice. The visitor will have consequently to enter the house by the roof and through the chimneys, thereby reaching, first of all, the bedrooms, dressing-rooms, and bath-room. He will proceed thence upwards to the dining- and drawing-rooms, the kitchen and offices, and finally through the hall and front-door to a terraced garden hanging in the air.

"Every apartment will be sumptuously furnished in the latest modern style, and occupied by the different members of the household engaged in their usual avocations. Thus the perplexed visitor will be able to gaze—with no little astonishment, I assume—on the cook stirring some deliciously smelling soup, the *chef* and the saucepan, *mirabile visu*, appearing both upside down! Again, on entering the



bath-room, he will doubtless recoil rather affrighted, for a steaming jet of hot water will be seen spouting upwards into the marble bath filled with water and suspended over his head. Should he feel somewhat apprehensive of being scalded, he could thence retire to the drawing-room and listen to the strains of 'La Tzigane,' or the latest tune from the Folies-Bergère, played on the piano by some gay Parisienne—head downwards!

"On looking through the windows into the grounds of the Exhibition, the latter will appear to the observer in an inverted position, at the same time conveying to himself the strange idea—shared, moreover, by the people outside—that he is, in truth, standing head downwards! A magnificent view of the Exhibition will be obtained from the roof-garden."

To the description given by the originator, I may add that the construction of the building has already been begun, the spot selected being one of the best in the whole Exhibition, lying a short distance from the main entrance of the Place de la Concorde, in the Cours-la-Reine.

Apart from its intrinsic originality and attractiveness, the "Manoir à l'Envers" can claim another guarantee of success from the fact that it will be under the auspices of some prominent and successful gentlemen in the Entertainment World of London. Mr. Henri Gros, the genial lessee of the Metropolitan Theatre of Varieties, will occupy the post of Managing Director.

It may be safely assumed that one and all will be anxious to unravel the mysteries of this strange house, and will commence next April to flock in thousands through the halls of this marvellous "Manoir à l'Envers."

THE NEW DALY OPERA.

In the matter of the Daly opera, one is inclined to think of a line in one of the musical comedies produced—"You keep your eye on the call-boy and he will pull you through." For "call-boy" you must, of course, substitute George Edwardes, and the "you" naturally becomes the author. Whatever the book and whatever the music and whatever the first-night reception, we know that success is a certainty. In the case of "San Toy," apparently, the "call-boy" will be less needed than upon former occasions. No doubt, the book is another to the many disproofs of the saying that you cannot have too much of a good thing. A little cutting, a little brisker acting, and the piece will be among the best of its class. Almost everyone knows something of the story, knows that San Toy, otherwise Marie Tempest, first wears boy's clothes and afterwards those of her sex, though, seeing that the costumes are Chinese, the necessity for her making a very marked change of garb is not obvious. The piece does not turn upon the change of clothes, though it is vitally connected with it. The Emperor of China, whom we never see, desired to have San Toy as one of his Amazonian Bodyguard, but the girl's father, Yen How, a mighty Mandarin, evaded the Imperial wish by bringing up San Toy as a boy—I presume I ought to say, as a very pretty boy. Captain Bobbie Preston finds out the secret, and falls in love with the boy-girl. Imperial orders come that the Mandarin's boy shall join the Chinese Bodyguard at Peking, so San Toy sets off for the Palace, accompanied by Bobbie and followed by almost everybody else who has the honour to appear in the piece. At this point to some slight extent the interest in the piece is shifted from the lovers and the Mandarin to a comic Chinese of the name of Li, who is distinguished by the somewhat curious fact that, while almost all the other Celestials speak English, he indulges in what may be called stage pigeon-English, which, I believe, bears but scanty resemblance to the real thing. Li has a sweetheart named Dudley, a lady's-maid to Bobbie's pretty sister, Poppy. He has also a wife of the name of Wun Lung, who is a Corporal in the Emperor's Bodyguard. When you hear that Li describes Wun Lung as his "Lillee Mousie," you naturally guess that she is large in person and formidable in manner—in fact, that she is Miss Gladys Homfrey, with whom Mr. Huntley Wright has some comic scenes of an obvious character. Some day it may be that the public will grow tired of this contrast-of-physique humour; the time seems far off, for both of the performers received plenty of applause. When the lovers reach Peking, San Toy is made a captain, whilst her sweetheart is busy trying to get concessions for railway enterprises. It had been rumoured that we should see some combat between Russian and English representatives for these concessions, but the rumour was unjustifiable. In the end, of course, San Toy resumes her skirts, if skirt be a correct term for the feminine distinctive garment of the Chinese; then the consent of the Emperor and her father to her marriage with Bobbie is obtained.

It cannot be doubted that Mr. Morton's book is more ingenious and dramatic than those of Mr. Owen Hall, and that its humour is more agreeable and is devoid of the errors of taste too common in the history of the musical play. Moreover, he shows considerable skill in providing effective parts for the rather too numerous "stars" in the cast—too numerous, for there seems a little of the dog-in-the-manger in Mr. Edwardes's policy in getting together for his work about a dozen performers all accustomed to leading parts. The lyrics bring back to mind sadly the fact that Harry Greenbank, who has given great pleasure to our playgoers, died whilst writing them; it may be that this affected Mr. Adrian Ross, who finished them, for, although he shows his customary grace and skill, there is less of his inventive ingenuity than usual. The music does not show Mr. Sidney Jones at his best; in fact, what has been said of Mr. Adrian Ross seems to apply very accurately to him. Miss Marie Tempest is in perfect voice, and her rendering of several songs, notably "The Giddy Butterfly," is delightful. Mr. Coffin's voice seemed a little affected by the fog, but his singing was successful. Of the very clever work of Miss Gracie Leigh, the charming performance of Miss Hilda Moody, the clever acting of Miss May Buckley, I have no space to speak. Mr. Rutland Barrington was the best amongst the men, and it was a pity no better chance was given to Mr. Scott Russell, Mr. Lionel Mackinder, and Mr. Colin Coop.

Last week a memorial of the late eminent actress, Helen Faucit, was unveiled in the parish church of Bryntysilio, consisting of a large panel in white marble, with a replica of Foley's beautiful alto-relievo of this supreme exponent of Shakspeare's heroines. The original is, I believe, in the Dublin Museum, and represents the great actress with a volume of the great dramatist she loved and appreciated upon her knee. It is a fine work; but, in the opinion of the sculptor, the bust of Lady Martin executed in 1845 was his masterpiece as a bust-portrait. This latter, by the way, is in the possession of Sir Theodore Martin, and will be remembered by many in the Dramatic Loan Exhibition at the Grafton Gallery of a few years ago. The memorial in Bryntysilio Church has a medallion of Shakspeare at its base, and bears an interesting inscription taken from an introduction of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's to one of the volumes of the Biographical edition of her father's works—"Her gracious genius belonged to the world. The charm of her goodness was for her home and for those who loved her."



MISS HILDA MOODY,

The dainty actress and sweet singer who delighted the huge audience at Daly's Theatre last Saturday night as Poppy in "San Toy."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

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LAST WEEK. Into torrents below.

AFRICAN VILLAGE PEOPLED BY NATIVES.

DISTINGUISHED NURSES.

Lady Hely-Hutchinson, very well known in London Society, is about to take a prominent part in organising the South African nursing arrangements. The fact that she is the wife of the Governor of Natal will, of course, stand her in good stead, and during her voyage out in the hospital-ship *Trojan* she will be able to make many practical suggestions to the Superintendent of that section of the Army Nursing Corps which has started for the scene of action. Great interest concerning the nursing side of the war is naturally felt both in the medical and nursing worlds; the Hospital Army Corps is said to be in a state of the highest efficiency, and only nurses having already had experience of active service have been appointed to go out. The Boers on their side are believed to have a very efficient corps of nurses, and the Roman Catholic sisters who have elected to stay at Kimberley are arranging their convent as a military hospital.

The only one of the Queen's daughters who ever had real experience of military nursing was the late Princess Alice, who organised the whole nursing arrangements in Darmstadt during the Franco-Prussian War. She visited the wards daily, and spent hours in writing letters for the wounded, and also in seeing their relations. The Queen of Greece and the young Duchess of Sparta took an active personal part in nursing the Greek and Turkish soldiery who poured into Athens during the late Greco-Turkish War. In this country, Princess Christian has closely identified herself with nurses and their interests. As a girl, she was very anxious to become a probationer in St. Thomas's Hospital, but, after some consideration, the Queen decided that it was not possible.

Mr. Melville Stewart, who will undertake the part of the leading baritone in Messrs. Owen Hall and Leslie Stuart's musical comedy, "Floradora," at the Lyric Theatre, was born at Brixton, and is therefore not an American, as might be supposed from the fact that he has occupied a leading position on the operatic stage during the last few years in the United States, having been a member of almost all the first-class opera companies, while his repertory embraces no less than sixty operas.

The first great success scored by the late Signor Foli on the concert platform was with the song "Bandolero," written and composed by Mr. Leslie Stuart, who is responsible for the music in "Floradora." The song has a world-wide reputation.

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HASTINGS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.—Direct Train EVERY WEEK-DAY from Victoria 11 a.m. to Bexhill without calling, arrive 12.40 p.m., and Hastings 12.55 p.m., Slip carriages, arrive Eastbourne 12.35 p.m.

CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS.	East- bourne.	Brigh- ton and Worth- ing.	Brigh- ton.	Worth- ing.	Brighton and Worthing.		East- bourne.	Brighton.	
From	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	C	H
Victoria... ..	a.m. 9 25	a.m. 10 5	a.m. 10 40	a.m. 10 40	a.m. 11 0	a.m. 11 5	a.m. 11 15	a.m. 11 40	p.m. 12 15
*Ken-ington		...	10 10	11 10	...
Clapham Junction	9 30	10 10	10 45	11 10	11 20	11 45	12 20
London Bridge	9 25	12 0	...

* (Addison Road). A.—Every Sunday, 11s. 6d. First Class. B.—Every Week-day, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing, including Pullman Car to Brighton. C.—Every Saturday, 10s. 6d. First Class. D.—Every Saturday, 11s. First Class. E.—Brighton Limited, Every Sunday, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing, including Pullman Car to Brighton. F.—Every Sunday, First Class, 10s. Brighton, 11s. Worthing. G.—Every Sunday, Pullman Car, 13s. 6d. H.—Every Sunday, 10s. First Class, 12s. Pullman Car.

SEASIDE FOR WEEK-END.—EVERY FRIDAY, SATURDAY, AND SUNDAY, from London and Suburban Stations.—Tickets available up to Tuesday evening.

For full particulars see Time-Book, or apply to the Superintendent of the Line, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge Terminus.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Not only the Queen, but every member of the Royal Family, is kept fully and immediately informed of each item of what may be called war news. It has occurred on more than one occasion that Royal messages of sympathy and condolence have reached private individuals before they actually had become aware of the news which so nearly



MR. W. CONYNTHAM GREENE, C.B., BRITISH AGENT RECALLED FROM PRETORIA, WITH HIS OFFICIAL DESPATCH-BOX.

Photo by Arthur A. Sykes.

concerned them and those dear to them. Within a few moments of any authentic news reaching the War Office, the Sovereign is informed of what has occurred, and it often happens that Her Majesty telegraphs her congratulations directly—that is to say, without causing the message to pass through the War Office—to the General of whose good-fortune she has been apprised. During the Franco-Prussian War, the Prince of Wales made special arrangements by which he received news from both the French and German headquarters at frequent intervals. Similar arrangements were made during the late Eastern War, for the Princess of Wales was keenly interested in the fate of her brother's troops, the more so that her nephew, the Duke of Sparta, was one of the commanding officers.

Mr. W. Conyngham Greene, C.B., whose trying tenure of office at Pretoria came to an end with the Declaration of War, had a most enthusiastic reception on his arrival in Cape Town, as a guest of Sir Alfred Milner, with Lady Lily Greene and Messrs. Vaughan and Stopford, his secretaries, on Saturday evening, Oct. 14. He was liked and respected by the Boers as well as the British in the Transvaal, and his leave-taking with President Kruger is said to have been an affecting one. Mr. Greene's career has been a distinguished one. He is an old Harrovian, and took a First Class at Pembroke College, Oxford. He entered the Foreign Office in 1877, and served at Athens, Stuttgart, The Hague, Brussels, and Teheran before succeeding Sir Jacobus de Wet at Pretoria in 1896. He completes his forty-fifth year on Oct. 29, being eleven years older than his brother, the well-known singer. Their mother was the daughter of the third Baron Plunket, and Mr. Greene was himself married in 1884 to Lady Lily Stopford, daughter of the fifth Earl of Courtown. He is still a young-looking man for his age, which is the same as Sir Alfred Milner's. The photograph here given is an impromptu one taken in his garden at the British Agency some little while before the crisis, when Mr. Greene had more leisure time at his disposal. He has, however, his official despatch-box with him, just brought out from his study, where the camera was placed.

What, I suppose, must now be called the *late* British Agency at Pretoria is a charming little bungalow at Sunnyside, a suburb of that town. The former Residency, occupied by Mr. Greene's predecessor, Sir Jacobus de Wet, is a much more imposing building, and now belongs to a Pretoria doctor. The Sunnyside villa stands in grounds of about three acres in extent, laid out in the English fashion with strawberries and other plants imported from home, and an earthen lawn-tennis court. The Transvaal grass (which is almost of a blue colour) is too coarse for the latter purpose. The Agency, like nearly every other house in South Africa, has a "tin," or dull-grey corrugated-iron, roof, diversified, however, above the "stoep" with stripes of salmon-colour and brick-red. The accompanying photograph of the front-door was taken against a

strong light from near the Union Jack (let us hope, only temporarily hauled down!) near the entrance-gate. Within the house were many curios collected by Mr. Greene during his stay in Greece and Persia. Whether or not a Boer is now their self-appointed care-taker it would be hard to say.

Several of the weekly and daily papers have alluded to the Cameron Highlanders as the Highland regiment which had a detachment at Majuba Hill under Sir George Colley, and have commented on the special fitness of its being sent to the front against the Boers. Much as the 2nd Camerons would like to go to the seat of war, they are ordered only to Gibraltar to take the place of one of the Guards battalions, and neither this battalion—raised only two years ago—nor its 1st Battalion, the old 79th (Queen's Own) Cameron Highlanders, were at Majuba Hill. It is the 2nd Battalion of the "Gay Gordons" that had a detachment at Majuba, with which the since famous Hector Macdonald was present. The 92nd, however, are already at the seat of war, having been sent from India, and perhaps before these lines are in print they will have had an opportunity, under their old-time Major, Sir George White, of giving the Boers a taste of their quality. It was with the 92nd that Sir George gained his V.C. in Afghanistan, and hence the special fitness of the 2nd Gordons being in his command.

One of the curious features of the war in South Africa is the number of regiments which will be represented by both battalions. The famous "Fighting Fifth" is one of those so distinguished, and the Coldstream Guards will have two of its three battalions at the front, the recently raised 3rd Battalion—not yet up to its full strength—taking over the non-combatants of both the others. But the feature which will be of most interest to Surrey is the presence in the "English Brigade" of two Surrey battalions—the 2nd Royal West Surrey and the 2nd East Surrey, the "Kirke's Lambs," and the old 70th (Surrey) Regiment.

The 2nd Royal West Surrey, though forming part of a regiment dating from 1661, and raised for service in Tangier, does not go back for its origin to that period, it being the 1st Battalion which, on returning from Tangier, gained a somewhat unenviable notoriety in the Monmouth Rebellion, the nickname of "Kirke's Lambs" being acquired from its notorious Colonel and in sarcastic allusion to its unique badge of the "Paschal Lamb" (supposed to have been given to the regiment in memory of Catherine of Braganza). Its splendid services since in Egypt, the Peninsula, India, and China have long since wiped out those memories of an almost forgotten past. The present 2nd Battalion was raised soon after the Russian War, and has since added "Burma, 1885-7," to the colours. It may be confidently predicted that it will well maintain the proud mottoes of the regiment—*Pristina virtutis memor* and *Vel exuvie triumphant*, the latter, one may hope, not too literally.

The old 70th has had a peculiarly chequered existence. Raised in 1756 as the 2nd Battalion of the 31st (now the 1st East Surrey), it became two years later the 70th Foot, later on received the title of the "Surrey" Regiment, and subsequently was transformed into the "Glasgow Lowland Regiment," again becoming the "Surrey" in 1825. Its early



THE BRITISH AGENCY AT PRETORIA.

Photo by Arthur A. Sykes.

services were at Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Plattsburg, its later being in New Zealand, Afghanistan, and at Suakin. As a matter of fact, the 2nd Battalion is the senior of the two as a Surrey corps, the 31st (Huntingdonshire), the famous "Young Buffs," adopting its present county title when the Territorial system came into vogue.

Lady Mary Lygon, sister to Earl Beauchamp, the youthful Governor of New South Wales, is shortly returning to England, after a brief stay of only four months in the colony. Although somewhat of a recluse by disposition, Lady Mary has endeared herself to the Sydney people by her ready participation in every social and philanthropic



LADY MARY LYGON.

The talented lady who worked the banners at Sydney for her brother, Earl Beauchamp, Governor of New South Wales.

movement that has taken place in the colony since her arrival. She has assisted her brother in entertaining at Government House almost every class of the community, from the Judges and Members of Parliament to the newsboys of the city; besides which, she has been the President of a Grand Fair held in aid of the Queen Victoria Consumptives' Home, in Sydney. She also edited the *Press News*, a little journal which had a brief but successful career of seven issues during the Press Bazaar. In a few weeks Lady Mary leaves the colony, taking with her the good wishes of all with whom she has come in contact.

Owing to inquiries, have pleasure in stating that Dr. Yorke-Davies' Energy Food,

"Carnyl," to which I referred last week, is manufactured by Maconochie Brothers, the Army Food Contractors, of Leadenhall Street, from whom it may be obtained.

From all parts of the Empire come offers of assistance in men and money for the war. Even our Malay fellow-subjects wanted to have a hand in the matter, and the Canadians have already organised a considerable force, to be commanded by their own officers as a distinct regiment instead of being split up into detachments. The only Colonial force, however, to come under the eye of the stay-at-home Briton before embarkation has been the smart little detachment of New South Wales Lancers, who are now nearing the end of their journey, and will form a welcome addition to the cavalry already in South Africa.

The New South Wales Lancers are too well known to need much description, as their appearances at the Tournaments in London and their six months' stay at Aldershot—where they were at different times quartered with the Carabiniers and the "Chainy Tenth"—have rendered their khaki-coloured uniforms with red facings familiar. They left one of their officers behind at Aldershot, as he had been given a commission in the "Carbs"; but soon the Lancers, Carabiniers, and the Tenth will meet again—not at Aldershot, but at the seat of war. Good luck to them all!

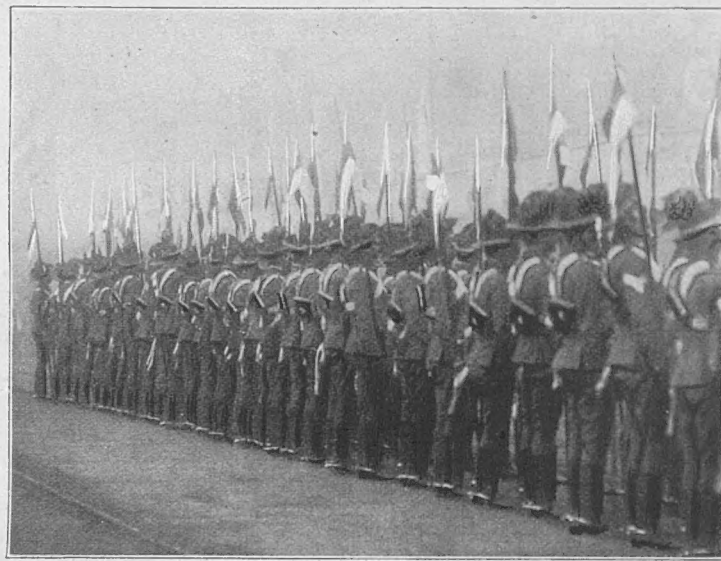
There is not much time just now, perhaps, to devote to reading books, for the shrill blast of the war-trumpet still dominates us. When, however, a volume dealing with the subject that occupies everyone's attention, namely, the British Army, appears, an exception must naturally be made in its favour. Such a work is Mr. Horace Wyndham's

"Soldiers of the Queen," which has just been published by Messrs. Sands. As it deals very thoroughly with the manners and customs of "that strong man, Atkins," it can scarcely fail to command wide attention at the present moment.

It is hoped in Germany that the present situation in South Africa will soften Queen Wilhelmina's maiden heart and induce her to wed a Prussian Prince rather than one connected in any way with the British Royal Family. It must be admitted that at the present time the marriage of the young Dutch Sovereign with any one of Queen Victoria's grandsons who had served in the British Army would certainly be exceedingly unpopular in the Netherlands, and this is a great pity, for Great Britain is Holland's natural ally.

William II. shows an almost fatherly tenderness to his sister Sovereign, and during the two Queens' recent visit to Germany His Imperial Majesty actually gave them up the suite of rooms always occupied by himself at the Stadt Schloss, an honour he has never offered to any other Royal personage. The Dutch pro-Boer sympathies do not interfere with the young Queen's love of English light literature. Every month a selection of novels is sent over to her from this country, and she is very fond of all our standard novelists, especially Miss Charlotte Yonge, whose "Heir of Redclyffe" remains a favourite on the Continent.

Next to Mr. Chamberlain, the man most responsible for the Transvaal War is Rudyard Kipling, from the French point of view. I don't exactly know what he wrote in the *Times* (says a Paris correspondent) a few days ago, but, if he ever reads the French translation, he will break his



THE NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS DRAWN UP IN LINE ALONGSIDE THE "NINEVEH," AT TILBURY.

pen and start a barber's shop. It read the veriest claptrap I have ever seen, and must have made Kipling writhe when he saw it, if he ever did see it. And Kipling owes this position as England's national bard to a very small detail. The lady who told me the story of his beginnings was Mrs. Colonel Burton, to whom he dedicated his early works under the designation of "To the wittiest woman in India." Kipling was undecided what to do in life, when she met him one night on her way to an entertainment to be given at one of the hill stations. She suggested that he should take up journalism, and he declared that he did not know how to write. He did attend that hillside entertainment, and it was the simple prattle of Mrs. Burton's little boy—now an officer—that supplied him with his first "copy."



OUR COLONIAL AUXILIARIES: REVIEW IN CENTENNIAL PARK, SYDNEY.

From a Photograph by the Crown Studios, Sydney.

Our troops now proceeding to the scene of war (writes one of my correspondents) will soon come in sight of Table Mountain, beneath which Cape Town clusters. As the steamer enters the harbour, the mountains of the Twelve Apostles rise beneath a sky of pure blue never seen in England: the turquoise sea becomes ruffled by a school of porpoises which play round the vessel, and soon a crowd of noisy natives on the quay greet the strangers. Hansom-cabs of unwieldy build are driven by natives. Each cab bears a name, "Sir Alfred," or any title that may or may not be appropriate. A short drive brings the traveller to the railway station, and here, as will be seen from the picture on page 25, everything looks more or less English. This is the headquarters of the Cape Government Railways, which, I can say from pleasant experience, are very well managed.

As you may spend many days and nights in the train, the carriages are arranged so that they can be made up into beds. But it is to be hoped that the traveller will not be in bed when he goes through the Hex River Pass, or he will lose some of the finest scenery in the world. Perhaps, for railway engineering, this piece of work is unsurpassed; the line goes literally over a range of mountains, and some of the curves are extraordinary. The line zigzags up the mountains till the valley below grows hazy and distant.

In the silence of these surroundings the Boer revels, and the country has done much to form his character. At last the train crosses the Vaal River, and the traveller is in the country just now the centre of the world's attention—the Transvaal. The question must occur to anyone looking at the picture of the great bridge (also on page 25), "What if the Boers should blow it up?"

I have never had the slightest intention of turning these columns into the "hints-to-mothers-and-sucklings" order, but at a risk I give the prescription of the famous old "witch" of Fontainebleau Forest for rheumatism. It was told to a friend of mine, an ardent angler in all weathers, and completely cured him after years of suffering. Here it is: Put on a sock, and then take two or three raw potatoes and scrape them into a pulp. Place this around the sock and wrap it up with flannel. In a few hours fermentation sets in, and a terrific heat is created, and away goes the rheumatism. The old "witch" declares that this was the remedy of the Court for centuries.

Mr. Charles Arnold and his charming wife are too well known to theatre-going readers to need any introduction from me. He has just brought a very successful South African tour to a premature close. As



MR. CHARLES ARNOLD AND HIS WIFE (MISS DOT FREDERICKS), WHO HAVE HAD TO WIND UP THEIR SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR ON ACCOUNT OF THE WAR.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapstide.

a matter of fact, Mr. Arnold was "billed" for Pretoria; but the Boer President would not wait, and so the Pretorians have lost their histrionic feast. I shall look forward to seeing the talented couple in London ere long.

It may be of general interest to know that Mr. Clement Scott, who has just left us for America, has a son in the Army Service Corps with the troops in South Africa. Captain Philip Clement Scott left Eshowe, in Zululand, a few months ago for Ladysmith, where the accompanying photograph was taken, at his bungalow close by the new iron bridge over



Captain Clement Scott.

CAPTAIN CLEMENT SCOTT (SON OF THE FAMOUS DRAMATIC CRITIC), MRS. CLEMENT SCOTT, AND OFFICERS AT LADYSMITH.

Photo by Arthur A. Sykes.

the Klip River, on which that town is situated. He was educated partly at Mottingham, Eltham, under Baron von Orsbach, with Sir Henry Tichborne, Lord Mowbray and Stourton, and others of the Roman Catholic *jeunesse*. He was very popular there, and with the A.S.C., as he is a good horseman and a good man to hounds, speaks French and German fluently, and has written several bright musical operettas. Two of the latter were produced in Dublin, where he was quartered a few years ago. He is twenty-seven years of age, was married two years ago, and has now a son. His mother, it will be remembered, was a sister of the late Mr. Du Maurier. Captain and Mrs. Scott are seated on the left-hand side of the "stoep." The others are two brother officers who had dropped in for afternoon-tea.

More injustice to Ireland of an aggravated kind. An Irish correspondent writes to draw my attention to the favouritism shown to regiments. A Scotch piper who gets a trifling wound falls on his bagpipes, which therefore continue playing automatically, and he is given a V.C. Lancers who execute an idiotic movement against orders are spoon-fed and lionised when they come home. Yet here is the Black Watch recruiting in Dublin! A war against troops with the prestige of the Boers is trying to the *morale* of any Army, yet when a Captaincy fell vacant in the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the other day, there were a hundred applications. A private in another regiment in Dublin has threatened, if his battalion is not sent out, to desert and proceed to South Africa on the chance of being able to re-enlist. The total abolition of England and Scotland is not too much to ask as a slight mark of dissatisfaction with the neglect of a country that can show such evidence of military ardour as this.

The French have made the discovery that President Kruger is related to the great Cardinal Richelieu, Prime Minister of France under Louis XIII! This explains the great political qualities of the Transvaal President. It is true the relationship is one only of marriage, but this is a small matter when one must, at all hazards, find a pedigree for genius. It appears that Mr. Kruger's two wives, who have been aunt and niece, were named du Plessis, and Richelieu's family name was du Plessis also, as everybody knows. The legend says that these ladies are descended from a French surgeon who went out to the Cape in the seventeenth century, in the employ of the Dutch India Company. It is reported that these ladies have not looked their French descent, but have looked, on the contrary, as Boerish as any Boer ladies in Boerdorn. The first Mrs. Kruger died prematurely, and her only son followed her to the tomb; the second one lives still, and has given to the Transvaal six hypothetical Richelieus.

The Egyptian season will commence next month, and already a large number of rooms are secured at Shepherd's, the Ghezireh Palace, and other leading hotels, and Messrs. Cook have let most of their dahabeahs and private steamers. There is every prospect, therefore, of the season being a good one. The same firm have issued an attractive programme of weekly tours to Cairo and up the Nile to Luxor and the First Cataract, the whole tour lasting forty-five days, at the inclusive fare of forty guineas.

Miss Janette May, in whom we shall all take an interest, if only for the fact that she is the bewitching Miss Edna May's sister, has up to the present been gracing the stage of the Shaftesbury Theatre. Now, however, she is to appear in "Floradora," at the Lyric, playing the part of



MISS JANETTE MAY (SISTER OF OUR OWN EDNA).

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

an English girl. Whether English or American, she is sure to charm the house, and I wish her a full measure of that success which has come to "the Belle."

The regiment which brought off such a dashing bit of work with the armoured train at Spytfontein is not the "Lancashire Regiment," but the 1st Loyal North Lancashire, formerly known as the 47th (Lancashire) Regiment. But there are now Lancashire Fusiliers, East Lancashires, South Lancashires, North Lancashires, Royal Lancasters, and York and Lancasters, so it is not surprising that things get a bit mixed. Indeed, among the various names given to Lieutenant Webster's smart little detachment is that of the "Loyal North Lancashire Fusiliers," at any rate a bit nearer the mark than some of the titles. From the time when the 47th fought on the Heights of Abraham with Wolfe to Inkerman, it has always been a smart battalion, and it is said that now it contains an exceptional number of "first-class" shots in its ranks, so that "Wolfe's Own" may perhaps beat the Boers at their own game. The Red Rose is well represented in South Africa, for besides the 47th, the Liverpools and Manchesters with Sir George White are, of course, Lancashire Lads.

It may interest your readers (writes a correspondent) to know that the oft-quoted Lang's Nek—not "Laing's," as it is generally spelt—takes its name from a farm now owned by a Natal farmer named Thomas. Mr. Henry Lang, the former owner of the farm, left the district before the last Boer War. Lang's Nek farm was owned by a Mr. R. S. Meek, from whom it was purchased by Mr. G. W. Thomas six or seven years ago. The only Lang in the neighbourhood now lives on the other side of Amajuba Hill, some four or five miles from Lang's Nek.

Mr. Chamberlain is now the best "draw" in the House of Commons. His audience, while he was defending the negotiations with the Transvaal, was the largest which has been seen since Mr. Gladstone's time. At last

Mr. Chamberlain has become really popular among the Conservatives. They have been shaking hands with him effusively, and he has enjoyed their congratulations. His Transvaal speech, which lasted nearly three hours, was a wonderful feat even from a physical point of view. Other statesmen, when delivering long speeches, refresh themselves with a glass of liquor of some sort; but Mr. Chamberlain tasted nothing—not even a sip of water. Yet his voice at the close was quite clear and resonant, and, later in the evening, he appeared one of the least tired men in the House. The range of his quotations has increased. He amused Mr. Morley by quoting Goethe, and he concluded with a Shaksperian phrase. As a debating effort, the speech extorted admiration even from his enemies, who are not few in number.

The Edinburgh papers, in chronicling the death the other day of an old Crimcan soldier, stated that there was no one who formed one of the "thin red line" now surviving. This, however, turns out to be incorrect, for in the Northern metropolis alone there are, at any rate, three veterans still alive who stood in line on the heights above Balaclava forty-five years ago to-day, and one of these—John Miller, who joined the 93rd early in the 'forties, and was the right-hand man of the column on that memorable occasion—remains hale and hearty. Colour-Sergeant Miller, who in his prime stood 6 ft. 2 in. high, subsequently went through the Indian Mutiny, was present at the relief and capture of Lucknow, and took part in the North-Western Frontier Campaign of 1864. It was this old veteran, it is of interest to learn, who posed to Mr. Robert Gibb, R.S.A., when he was engaged on his historic battle-picture, "The Thin Red Line."

An entirely new aspect is put on the Transvaal question by the decision of M. Max Regis. He intends to take out the staff of the *Anti-Juif*—whoever they may be—to the Transvaal to fight the English. This is much more serious than the casual Englishman may imagine. Max Regis is about twenty-three years old, and, having been born in Spain, is about as much a Frenchman as he is a Scotchman. Still, the solid fact remains that he has decided to take out the staff—compositors, proof-readers, folders, and, incidentally, the reporters and sub-editors—to defeat and sweep out of existence the English forces. And do not let there be any mistake on the part of Sir Redvers Buller, when he meets that army with their pockets full of "pied" type, unpaid debts (on the part of the editorial staff), and a Simon Tappertit look on the face of Regis himself, who will command. He has had experience of warfare, although only in his back-garden—but still that counts. When Jules Guérin started the Fort Chabrol, Regis went to Paris and admired it, and saw no sense of humour in the fact that the only artillery in the neighbourhood were the firemen's horses. He went back to Algiers, and established a "fort" himself, although no one knew why he did it, and defied all the police, who were sound asleep in their beds. As this fortress consisted of an Algerian villa, with a wall of plaster that any sleepy horse would have pushed over if it had leant up against it thoughtlessly, he bolted to Barcelona. It is from there that the war manifesto has sounded. England is warned, and Fleet Street should give a sturdy reply to their French confrères.

Without exception, the cartoons published in the Paris Press over the Transvaal are anti-English. This, in itself, is nothing, but what is passing curious is the fact that the idea of hitting England has wiped out the old hatred of Germany. In that strangely remarkable journal, *La Patrie*, where there is a standing heading that describes Alsace and Lorraine as the "Provinces still annexed," there is a feeble bleat in the



CAPE VOLUNTEERS GOING TO THE FRONT.

editorial columns wondering whether the German Emperor could not step in and help France to blot out Fashoda. Caran d'Ache, the cartoonist of the *Figaro*, is, by the way, more English in dress than most Englishmen. There is not an eccentric idea by some London man-about-town in the way of a novelty that he does not imitate and elaborate upon. Some three years ago he about ruined the Gas Company in a Normandy watering-place by appearing in a violent red waistcoat with brass buttons, of such a brilliant hue that the lamplighters felt justified in taking a holiday and still claiming their salaries. Léandre, of the *Rive*, who is quite a young man, is regarded by the most eminent critics as the finest caricaturist of the century.

As all the world knows, one of the most difficult questions connected with the management of a modern army concerns the commissariat. It was in this department that, for unnumbered years, the French were so greatly superior to the British; this superiority was clearly seen during the Crimean War, when the French soldiers were really well-fed, while their unfortunate British comrades were practically starving. Even now I fear it must be admitted that the French excel in the preparation of the more dainty high-class tinned and bottled provisions.

She is practically a passenger-steamer, carrying only parcels and passengers' luggage, and is intended to take her place along with the *Cambria* and her sister-ship, the *Anglia* (which is still on the builders' stocks, and will be launched in the course of a month), on the company's Holyhead and Dublin service.

A fine picture for the drawing-room has just been issued by the enterprising Bristol firm of Frost and Reed. There is a soft beauty that is very solacing in the proof impression of Herbert Dicksee's "Last Furrow."

A College of Acting! It will probably be an accomplished fact by next year; but the first whisper of the scheme was spoken only the other day at the highly successful luncheon given by the Dublin Corinthian Club to Mr. Martin Harvey and Mr. Edward Terry. As a prominent member of the former's company mentioned in his speech, the idea is absolutely new, but a representative committee has already been formed in London. Its object is to prevent amateurs taking up dramatic work for a season or so as an adventure or a pastime; to ensure that the actors in big companies shall know at least the technique of their art,



THE DRAWING-ROOM OF SIR T. LIPTON'S YACHT "ERIN," IN WHICH MANY DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE OF NEW YORK HAVE BEEN ENTERTAINED, INCLUDING ADMIRAL DEWEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.

We have heard a great deal of the many misfortunes that attended the French Madagascar expedition, but the food served out to the French soldiers was of uniform excellence; and as for the officers, they fared splendidly, having regular supplies sent from Paris. The Guards are said to be taking all sorts of dainties to the front, including—and perhaps this will give some people an idea of how long the war is going to last—a goodly supply of plum-puddings and mincemeat. The Cape is famed for its wonderful fruit, so it is to be hoped that those who have had the catering arrangements in hand have not been so thoughtless as to send out a supply of canned fruit.

On the 10th inst. the twin-screw steamer *Hibernia* was launched from the Leven Shipyard of Messrs. William Denny and Brothers, Dumbarton. The launching ceremony was performed by Lady Houldsworth, wife of Sir W. H. Houldsworth, Bart., M.P., who is a director of the company. Immediately after the launch, which was most successful, the party adjourned to the Model Hall, where lunch was partaken of. The success of the vessel and her owners, the London and North-Western Railway Company, was cordially pledged, and thereafter the health and long life of the lady who so gracefully performed the ceremony was proposed by Mr. Peter Denny, and replied to by Sir William Houldsworth. The *Hibernia* is a twin-screw steamer, having a length of about 340 feet, beam 39 feet, and a depth of 24 feet to the awning deck.

how to walk and how to speak—and at the present moment they don't all know it. In other words, regular instruction will be given—the course probably lasting three years—and managers will presumably insist on the course having been gone through.

Letters will be affixed to the names of those who have gone through the curriculum. The public may thus, by glancing at the cast, be able to see that the company is a strictly professional, properly qualified one, and give their patronage accordingly. It will be seen that a knowledge of technique like this has nothing to say to good acting. But the system ought to make the average actor more certain of an assured and respectable income.

A comic misadventure in the art world in France! A sculptor shipped from Paris the bronze statue of General Le Flo to Quimper, where it was set up and veiled, to wait the day of inauguration. The Mayor of the town inspected it, and, deciding it could be improved, set some workmen to furbish it up according to the ideas of Quimper. When the sculptor arrived, what was his stupefaction to find that his beautiful gilt-bronze statue had been scoured with emery, and was shining like a kitchen saucepan, and that a frame had been put round the marble bas-relief on the pedestal, and, as the frame had been made too small, the coat-tails of all the figures had been cut off!

What puzzles me is as to what standard of beauty the judges in the *Gil Blas* competition could have mutually decided upon. Just look at the varying talent before whom two hundred candidates had to pass and be criticised. There was Rodin, of the famous Balzac statue fame; "Pal," of flaming posters and highly coloured girls; Caran d'Ache, who



Mlle. ELISE DE VERE, WINNER OF A "GIL BLAS" BEAUTY PRIZE.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

loves to make horses and dogs look as they might have done had they had their own way, but, in default, never have done; Falguière, who induced Cléo de Mérode to pose for the "Dance" for the head, and then got a model to pose for a nude study for the body; Gailhard, the solemn director of the Opéra and admirer of Wagner; and Richard O'Monroy, the most wildly gay of modern writers. But it was before this jury that Elise de Vere passed in triumph and came off with second honours. I asked one of the judges how they arrived at their decision. He said that he candidly did not know, but that they were unanimous in their verdict. Everything about her charmed them. Her nose was not classical, but it suggested cheekiness and gaiety, and her mouth and eyes were so full of life and emotion that a corpse would have regretted death had he known of her existence. There was silk and satin and pair-horsed broughams outside the office with candidates for these much-searched-for prizes, but Elise de Vere came out with honours clad in very simple attire and with hardly a jewel on. She has secured a very prominent corner in the heart of the Parisian, and will be one of the most-sought-after artists for the Exhibition. She has already engagements for the Alcazar d'Été and the Scala.

Many of the thousands of playgoers who will no doubt flock to the Haymarket to see "The Black Tulip" will be interested to know that Mr. Cyril Maude is an actor of many parts—in more senses than one. To begin with, he is a passionate lover of all sorts of field-sports, and is equally skilful at throwing a dainty fly to catch the wily trout, or taking a "right" and a "left" when out partridge-driving. He is quite at home in the saddle, no matter whether the saddle is girthed to the back of a hunter or sewed to the backbone of a bicycle. In spite of their managerial duties, both Mr. Maude and Miss Winifred Emery are great novel-readers. Miss Emery pins her faith to William Black, and "Ben Hur" is her favourite book; Mr. Maude sets his affections upon the works of Dickens and Thackeray, while both of them, very naturally, have an especial weakness for the writings of J. M. Barrie. In addition to many other accomplishments, both Mr. and Mrs. Maude are exceedingly good pianists, and Mr. Maude is also devoted to the 'cello, which instrument he plays extremely well.

With all our modern stage-appliances, and the time and thought that are expended in order to obtain absolute accuracy of detail, it now becomes more necessary than ever for our actors—and especially those who play what is known as "character-parts"—to study carefully every detail of their "make-up." Amongst those who have been particularly

successful in this branch of the art, the name of Mr. Mark Kinghorne will be readily called to mind. This success, of course, has not been obtained without infinite pains and trouble. For his extremely humorous sketch of Macpherson, the attendant at the Home Office, in "The Chili Widow," Mr. Kinghorne copied his "make-up" from a well-known attendant at one of our Government offices. Again, for his inimitable study of Sneaky Hobart, in "The Little Minister," he had a picture of his grandfather—a typical old Scotch elder—hanging in his dressing-room, from whence he drew his inspiration. And now, for the production of "The Black Tulip," he has made a special journey to Holland, accompanied by his faithful camera, in order to take some snapshots of the physiognomies of typical old Dutchmen. Such thoroughness has its reward, and adds to the actor's successful portrayals.

Probably no play has shown a greater difference between the opinion of the critics and that of the public than "The Sign of the Cross," and those who accept the treasury returns as the supreme test will find that the experts were wrong. Of course, the battle has now ceased to rage, even the "boom" has subsided, and parsons are no longer advertising themselves and the piece by public testimonials as to the religious efficacy of Mr. Wilson Barrett's piece. Its revival, however, at the Lyceum proves that the play has not exhausted its popularity, for a large house was present, and the reception was very favourable. Possibly, one or two scenes were received with rather less than wonted volume of applause, but it is hard to be certain as to this.

The original company could not be brought together entirely, but many members were present. Fortunately, Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Maud Jeffries were able to repeat their triumphs in the chief parts. Miss Jeffries seems even to have improved her performance, which shows a surer touch and greater technical skill. Miss Haidée Wright, as of old, gives the most thrilling as well as most painful moment of the piece. It is curious to see the difference between the Nero of Mr. Barnes and the strange, ingenious representation that brought Mr. Franklin McLeay forward. Of course, Mr. Barnes gave an excellent performance in the part. Once more Mr. Ambrose Manning distinguished himself by his broad, "fruity" humour.

Early in the morning of Friday, Oct. 13 last, a terrible fire broke out in the Theatre Royal and Opera House at St. Helens. The alarm was soon given, but the flames gained such a hold upon the building that the local fire-brigade found a hopeless task before them. Every effort



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, ST. HELENS, BY FIRE ON OCT. 13: VIEW OF THE AUDITORIUM FROM THE BACK OF THE STAGE.

Photo by H. Rigby, St. Helens.

was made to save as much as possible of the theatre, but without avail, and the accompanying photo, taken immediately after the fire, shows what severe damage was done. The loss is estimated at something like £20,000.

Yvette Guilbert excepted, no Parisian artist has so much popularity with foreign audiences as Anna Held. This popularity has, before now, even played her somewhat unpleasant tricks, for I remember on one occasion her indignation on reading in American and Australian papers that the "vraie Anna Held" was appearing at almost every music-hall on these two continents, when she was herself at the Scala. The salary that she gains abroad is colossal. Three years ago, she broke her contract with Marchand, of the Folies-Bergère, in order to go to America, and paid over the fifteen thousand francs damages that he was granted with a smile. She and the Belle Otero run one another about even as to the value of their jewels; but, when she has a prominent part, there is not one visible portion of her body that is not covered with diamonds and pearls. Her Paris *appartement*, which is furnished in gorgeous style, in within a stone's-throw of the Elysée, and happy is the man-about-town that receives an invitation for her suppers. Like all that Parisian world that imagines you can get as much amusement out of life by smiling as you would by crying, she is devoted to horse-racing, and her costumes at Longchamp and Auteuil fascinate the pen of the fashion-writer. On one occasion the roving eye of Leopold of the Belgians was said to have fallen on her, but I don't think there was anything in the story. Curiously enough, the rumour got abroad at the very time when the mother of Cléo de Mérode was indignantly denying that her daughter had ever seen the King. She posted the letter to the *Figaro*, which published it as it was written, and there were enough errors in spelling in it to have provided a hat-rack for Dr. Johnson. Cléo rushed in and declared that the editor was no gentleman, and explained that her mother wrote so fast that she had no time to think how to spell.

To impart the fullest realism to the first act of the forthcoming musical play, "Floradora," at the Lyric Theatre, the house will be perfumed with an essence distilled from flowers indigenous to the Philippine Islands, while small bottles of the same scent will be distributed among the audience in parts of the house.

Lord and Lady Delamere, whose portraits are here given, set out recently for a big-game-hunting expedition in Africa. Lord Delamere, although a young man, is already known throughout the country as an intrepid hunter, and this is the third African trip in which he has engaged. His trophies from the last hunt included remarkably rare skins and plants, some of which have been handed over to the Museum authorities. It is said that, on his last expedition, when he was not heard of for months, he touched country which had not before been trod by a white man. Lady Delamere, who accompanies him, became his wife in July last. She is the

youngest daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen, the Master of the North Cheshire Hunt, and she is deservedly popular throughout mid-Cheshire. Lord and Lady Delamere will form their expedition at Mombasa, to which place they are now *en route*.

Young men who desire to see the world and spend their holiday abroad, travelling more than ten thousand miles for less than twenty pounds, may take a leaf out of the book of two American College-men who have just done the grand tour in this way. Starting from their home in the West, with only just such necessities as they needed in a dress-suit case, they took charge of some cattle going to Chicago. For two days they lived in Chicago on twelve shillings each, then secured a passage to New York for twenty-four shillings, and lived in the latter city for ten days on two pounds, spending another sovereign in incidentals, which had also cost seven shillings on the way from Chicago to New York. They worked their way over from New York to London on a cattle-boat, paying fifty shillings for a ticket for the return journey, on which there would be no work for them to do. Their tips to the steward on the vessel, which ensured them excellent fare, amounted to sixteen shillings, and five days' sight-seeing in London cost twenty-eight shillings. Here each of them rented a bicycle for a month, paying thirty shillings for it, and on this they took a trip of ten days through England, Wales, and Scotland, when they spent thirty-eight shillings and sixpence.

During this tour they went along the Thames to Henley and Oxford, by Stratford, Warwick, and Shrewsbury to North Wales, thence northward through Chester to the Lake Country, and thence through Carlisle and the Cheviot Hills to Edinburgh. From Edinburgh, in consequence of an accident to one of their bicycles, they took boat to London, at a cost of eighteen shillings, and spent seven more days, with an expenditure of twenty-eight shillings. Taking

advantage of an excursion to Paris, their return fare cost twenty-six shillings, and they lived in Paris for four days for thirty-six shillings, with incidental expenses on the way back to New York at something less than half-a-sovereign, so that they arrived in that city with some change out of their twenty pounds. It need hardly be said that their holiday increased their stock of health as well as their stock of experience.

Louis de Rougemont seems to be going to stay permanently in Cape Colony for his health. Even last year his throat was troubling him. I met him just before he sailed. He now admits certain "inaccuracies" and exaggerations in his story, but is still apparently confident of putting himself in the right. Whether his dossier is one mass of fiction or not, it has feathered his nest for him, for he draws a decidedly living wage every week for the serial rights for the term of his natural life. This was the agreement according to which he dictated the story, and, strange to say, not one word was stipulated as to the "adventures" being true. They were sold as a "story." The French "Lectures pour Tous" has just finished reproducing them under the humorous title of "The Incredible Adventures of Louis de Rougemont," with those improving illustrations and all. No one can know Louis de Rougemont well without feeling that his character is a very superior one, that he is a child about business matters, and that, if he deceives the public, it is because he suffers from delusions himself.



MIDDLE. ANNA HELD, THE RAGE OF THE PARISIAN MUSIC-HALLS.
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.



LORD DELAMERE, THE FAMOUS AFRICAN HUNTER.



LADY DELAMERE, WHO ACCOMPANIES HER HUSBAND ON HIS SHOOTING EXPEDITION.

THE RIVIERA SEASON.

FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE IN THE GARDEN OF EUROPE.

The season in the Riviera begins at the end of October, and ends early in April. During the rest of the year this lovely country is almost deserted of foreign visitors. Hotels, cafés, theatres, &c., are shut up, and



THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, CANNES.

there is little doing. Now, however, preparations are being made to receive the season's visitors. From next month onward through the winter the Riviera will become the pleasure-garden of Europe. Although the full round of amusements has not yet begun, and Monte Carlo is not at its best, many visitors are now going to Cannes and other resorts in the Riviera, fleeing from the November fogs in search of health. For there could be no greater or more delightful contrast than that between the fogs of London and the humidity in the English atmosphere and the dry, temperate climate and sunshine of the Mediterranean shores. The change revives the weak and gives new life to the jaded. The best time to spend a holiday away from London is in November, which is always a trying month to people weak in health, and no better health-resort could be found at this time than the Sunny South.

To the many natural attractions of the Riviera have been added institutions which provide every possible variety of pleasure and enjoyment to visitors. English visitors find here games and recreations. English enterprise has also provided along the shores of the Mediterranean some of the finest hotels in Europe, where guests find every comfort and luxury to which they have been accustomed, added to the special features and beauties of the Riviera.

Take, for instance, the Hôtel Métropole, at Cannes, which was visited last year by the Prince of Wales. At Cannes the season begins early, the hotels opening at the end of this month. The visitor to the Métropole, Cannes, finds himself amid scenes of rare beauty. The hotel faces full south, commanding magnificent views of the Mediterranean. Pine-woods shelter it from the north winds. It is a little colony in itself, as the private gardens surrounding the hotel are twenty-seven acres in extent, and were greatly admired by the Prince of Wales last year, when he and other Royalties spent an afternoon there at the invitation of Sir Henry Burdett. There are many enchanting views of mountain, valley, and sea. These include the view

over Cannes and the Esterels, the Islands, Nice, and the whole coastline, with the Maritime Alps beyond, and the unique situation of the Park enables visitors to enjoy the many coast and sea views without interruption from nearly every part. For those with delicate constitutions, or seeking improved health, the combination of sea-breezes and beautiful scenery should work wonders, and, in addition, the health-giving scent of the Pine Groves (the arboreal feature of the Park) gives one a zest for life which is unknown to those who winter in more northern climes, and makes one feel that the *joie de vivre* is not a mere empty phrase.

Seats are here, there, and everywhere, in little nooks and in little corners, which visitors come upon as a pleasant surprise when taking a "constitutional," but ever placed with an eye for the advantages of shade or the picturesque, in which the Park abounds.

Situated in such an inviting and coveted position, the hotel has been fitted up in a style to harmonise with its surroundings. It provides accommodation to suit various classes, having a great variety of apartments and rooms, and is under excellent management.

When people go to the Riviera, they want something for their money, and expect hotels to be well-appointed and well-managed. They will not be disappointed in these and other respects with the Hôtel Métropole at Cannes. Naturally, English people expect to take their games with them, and at Cannes they can play lawn-tennis under



THE TERRACE GARDENS, MONTE CARLO CASINO.

conditions which will remind them of summer in England. The tennis-ground at the Métropole has been laid out at great expense, and, facing due south, commands beautiful views of Golfe Juan. Another institution which has gone to the Continent is afternoon-tea, and the beautiful hall of the hotel forms a cheerful *lieu de réunion* every afternoon.

Besides the many outdoor attractions, there are numerous musical evenings, entertainments, and balls during the season.

The Riviera season is inaugurated at Cannes. At a later period, the gaieties of Monte Carlo begin. It is astonishing, however, how soon both places fill up, and in a short time there is not a room to be had at the leading hotels. As the advertisements say, it is a case of "apply early to save disappointment." The Hôtel Métropole at Monte Carlo is patronised by the Prince of Wales whenever he visits the Riviera. This hotel faces the famous Casino, and is one of the chief centres of Society during the season.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is all frivolity on the Riviera. Monte Carlo, Cannes, Nice, Mentone, and other places are the leading health-resorts of Europe in the winter season, and all sorts of fêtes and entertainments are provided for the strangers who frequent this district. At Monte Carlo there is not only pigeon-shooting, but also racing, floral fêtes, processions, art exhibitions, classical concerts, theatrical performances by leading companies, &c.

Old St. Pancras is a place of great historic interest. The old church was the last place in or near London where Mass was celebrated at the time of the Reformation, and the churchyard contained the graves of many notable persons. Among them were William Godwin, the novelist, and his two wives, whose remains were removed to Bournemouth when the railway came. In close proximity to old St. Pancras was the "Polygon," in Clarendon Square, where Godwin at one time lived. The Polygon has also been swept away to make room for buildings connected with the Midland Railway. It is singular that the house where Godwin lived and the spot where he was buried should both have become the prey of the all-devouring railway.



THE ENTRANCE-HALL AND VESTIBULE, HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, CANNES.



MR. KRUGER'S HOUSE IN PRETORIA, WHICH HE HAS RENTED AND LIVED IN FOR FIFTEEN YEARS. NOTE THE TRANSVAAL FLAG, AT PRESENT FLOATING BRAVELY IN THE BREEZE.



CHAMBER OF THE VOLKSRAAD: MR. KRUGER (AT THE CENTRE TABLE) PRESIDING.



MR. WILSON BARRETT,

Who revived the ever-popular "Sign of the Cross," at the Lyceum, last Thursday, resuming with great success his old part of Marcus Superbus.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.



MISS MAUD JEFFRIES,

Who resumes her justly celebrated impersonation of Mercia in the revival of "The Sign of the Cross," at the Lyceum Theatre.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



IN RHODESIA: PREPARING PEPPER FOR THE BOERS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES TEMPLE.



GROUP OF KIMBERLEY SPORTSMEN: HOW WILL OOM PAUL LIKE THIS PICTURE?
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. L. KING, KIMBERLEY.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C., G.C.B.,

COMMANDING HER MAJESTY'S FORCES IN NATAL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST "AT HOME."

The incomparable position which has been held by Miss Marie Tempest for some years past on the musical-comedy stage unquestionably entitles her to be called "a queen of song"; indeed, in light opera she is now without a rival, and no pretender to her throne has seriously ventured to assert a claim to superiority. Miss Tempest fully deserves the tribute of popular admiration and regard which her appearances evoke. With the exception of an American tour, she has spent her life here amongst her kinsfolk, and has cheered the nation's heart with her glorious gift of voice and her histrionic and personal charms. We owe very much to her in our musical education of late years, for she has sung to us as none other could in these times.

I might discuss her career in detail while recalling her early victories; but instead of that I want to come to the George Edwardes epoch. For it is during that series of musical comedies, commenced, as regards Miss Tempest, in "An Artist's Model," that our present "queen of song" rose like the lark to the spheres of greatest melody, while she crept into our hearts by her natural charm of self and grace of manner.

One has only to mention the arias of "I love him only," "Give me Love," and the incomparable "On y revient toujours" to evoke echoes of superlative delight stirred by her appearances in "An Artist's Model" *imprimis*. The story of song might be continued in those bewitching ditties in "The Geisha"—"The Amorous Gold-fish" and "The Jewel of Asia," and others popularised by the ubiquitous street-organ; while in "A Greek Slave" one can never forget the song of "The Lost Pleiad"—

'Twas a pretty little maiden,
In a garden grey and old,
Where the apple-trees were laden
With the magic fruit of gold;

nor that of "The Golden Isle."

These tuneful songs, touching soul and heart, and embellishing the operas written by Owen Hall and Sydney Jones, may give place, though it seems impossible, to numbers even still more musical in the forthcoming (as I write) musical comedy of "San Toy."

I was under the influence of Miss Marie Tempest's former successes when I called on her at her private residence. There I was received

with the indescribable charm of manner which is hers by inheritance possibly. She was in the "chintz-room," a little boudoir couched in an atmosphere of old times, for old Chelsea china decked the over-mantel, old silver smiled forth from tiny tables, and big screens, half-panelled in glass, warded off the fire's glow. On the wall, between the windows, there hangs a portrait of Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, a grandson of the Duke of Richmond, now known on the stage, as in the old amateur days, as "Cosmo Stuart," while a mediæval sketch of the Lady of Shalott, by Byam Shaw, is treasured almost as highly by Mrs. Gordon-Lennox as a grey parrot and a cockatoo of aggressive

dispositions which challenge you from their cages.

Mrs. Gordon-Lennox—for in her home one would naturally so address her, is a model hostess—dispensing the arts of hospitality over the tea-table with irresistible charm. With a loyalty born of conviction, she speaks to you enthusiastically of Mr. George Edwardes's acumen in discarding the old type of operabouffe while introducing that far more alluring form of entertainment to be found in the "musical comedy" which has at the Gaiety and at Daly's become the popular craze. Never, in her opinion, has there been a manager who has understood better the bent of popular taste, for Mr. Edwardes, in her estimation, seems to possess that exceptional dramatic instinct which "spots" a defective situation at a glance, while there is no finer judge of dramatic effect.

It seems unnecessary to say, with a composer of Mr. Sydney Jones's experience, that the music is at once tuneful and scholarly.

Indeed, Miss Tempest says that she has never interpreted songs of greater attraction than those now written for her, especially "The Butterfly Song," which outrivals "The Gold-Fish Song," while "The Petals of the Plum-Tree" is simply delightful. "Since 'The Red Hussar' I have never worn tights," Miss Tempest tells you with a smile, "and I confess that the wearing of them now in 'San Toy' seems to me very strange indeed."

Speaking of her recent holiday tour, your hostess describes her delight with her visit to Venice especially, and only regrets that she has never been there before. Then she tells you that, at the very first opportunity, she hopes to visit China and Japan, where she may correct possibly some of her stage illusions; while she hopes, some other time, to "do" India. At present, she is so hard-worked by rehearsals that her bed seems the only place on earth worth visiting.



THE CHARMING MISS MARIE TEMPEST AT HOME, WITH HER HUSBAND, MR. COSMO STUART.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

"SAN TOY," AT DALY'S THEATRE.



MISS HILDA MOODY, WHO PLAYS POPPY.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS MAY BUCKLEY, WHO PLAYS THE WIDOW CHU.
Photo by Chickering, Boston.



MR. EDWARD A. MORTON, THE AUTHOR.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



MR. SIDNEY JONES, THE COMPOSER.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

GEORGE EDWARDES: TAKEN FROM LIFE.

Those who personally know George Edwardes, lessee and manager of the Gaiety and of Daly's, London, and director of all sorts and sizes of "Circus Girl," "Runaway Girl," "Greek Slave," and other travelling companies, know not only a shrewd and far-reaching impresario, but a right-down good fellow (whose portrait is given on page 32 of this issue). The present writer has known George Edwardes since both were young, and he has never known him to be anything but a keen-brained man and a true and particularly gentle-hearted friend withal.

It was in Lincolnshire that the future extensive theatrical impresario passed many years of his boyhood—with an occasional flight to Ireland with his Uncle Michael Gunn, who is certainly a striking proof that Canny Irish do really exist, as well as Canny Scots.

After flitting for some few years between London, Lincolnshire, and Dublin (not to mention Donnybrook and Tipperary—with, of course, a dash of the Curragh, so as to imbibe his subsequent passion for horse-racing), young George, like his elder brother, the steeplechasing "Major" Jack, studied for the Army, and, indeed, for some little time had the honour of serving Her Gracious Majesty in that connection. During a course of athletic exercises, however—a kind of thing of which he was always passionately fond—this ardent young sportsman met with a severe accident, which placed him "out of the combat," as far as the Army was concerned. Anon, being ever a rolling-stone, he started off intent upon moss-gathering in Russia, and in order, doubtless, to see whether she could or would "step in with her tallovs," as the man feared in the story.

It was not long after Mr. Edwardes became, at the Savoy in the early 'eighties, highly popular among all with whom he came in contact. And, again, it was not long before he pined (if he can ever be said to pine) to do a little theatrical business on his own account.

Mr. Edwardes first essayed the responsibilities of theatre-directing in collaboration with his old friend and hearty encourager, Mr. John Hollingshead. This was about the middle of 1885, when Mr. Hollingshead (for whom a huge complimentary *matinée* is very properly at last being organised) had so pluckily and continuously run the Gaiety for some seventeen years. The first venture of this dual direction was the production of Messrs. Yardley and Stephens's excellent travesty, "The Vicar of Wideawakefield," in which Mr. Arthur Roberts was so droll as the Vicar, just then being so delightfully played at the Lyceum by the then plain "Mr." Henry Irving. The same burlesque-makers' "Little Jack Sheppard" (in which poor Fred Leslie made his first appearance at the Gaiety as Jonathian Wild) was one of the next productions of Messrs. Edwardes and Hollingshead, sandwiched with such short summer-season ventures as "Adonis," in which the American actor, Mr. Henry E. Dixey, made his first appearance on the London stage.

Before the autumn of 1886 Mr. Edwardes had bought Mr. Hollingshead out, in order that he might run the Gaiety on his own account with a different class of piece from the old-time Gaiety burlesque and *petite* comedy. Mr. Edwardes's belief that London audiences were ripe for, at least, a more expensively produced class of play was, ere long, justified. His first production of this sort, however—namely, that melodious comedy-opera, "Dorothy"—was anything but a financial success at the Gaiety, although (as is a matter of history) it achieved an enormous run on being transferred further Westward—namely, to the Prince of Wales's.

On removing "Dorothy," Mr. Edwardes, much against the advice of his friends, boldly plumped for burlesque of a gorgeously spectacular type, his first specimen being "Monte Cristo Junior," written by "Richard Henry," and set to music by some eight composers, including the Gaiety's then Maestro, Meyer Lutz, and Messrs. Ivan Caryll, H. J. Leslie, Robert Martin, and Mr. G. W. (or "Jingo") Hunt, author and composer of "We Don't Want to Fight."

Mr. Edwardes's next huge production of the kind was "Frankenstein" (also by "Richard Henry"), with music chiefly by Meyer Lutz and Robert Martin. This stage production (directed by the late Charles Harris) was so overwhelming as to be unwieldy on the first-night. One striking point concerning this production should serve for ever as a warning to all who would fain overload their stages with irrelevant magnificence. Poor Charles Harris not only insisted on having the three acts of the burlesque laid in different countries, in order to afford more contrast to the costume-designer, but he (Harris) also prevailed upon Edwardes to let him do a marvellous and most costly Procession of Planets forsooth! This gorgeous feature was so forced in, as it were, and came at such an awkward hour, that a Christmas Eve audience (usually restive) howled poor Charles's lovely procession off the stage, and Edwardes would not repeat that part of the show. "Frankenstein," however, thanks chiefly to the untiring efforts of Mr. Edwardes, ran into a big success, filling the Gaiety for over seven months. Indeed, it was during the run of this piece that Mr. Edwardes turned the theatre into a company.

Sandwiched with the above-named gorgeous productions were certain less expensive burlesques, including the bright and clever "Miss Esmeralda" and "Ruy Blas; or, The Blas Roué," written by "A. C. Torr" (otherwise Fred Leslie) and Herbert F. Clark, whose Gaiety contributions ended with the more straggling "Cinder-ElLEN," which was the last piece in which Mr. Leslie appeared there.

It was at this time that Mr. Edwardes, looking about him for a class of work that could be offered to Gaiety-goers after the loss of Mr. Leslie and Miss Farren, invented, as it were, the coat-and-trouser kind of go-as-you-please musical play, starting with J. T. Tanner and Adrian Ross's "In Town" (plus Arthur Roberts), and taking in such

examples (first at the Prince of Wales's and afterwards at Daly's) as "Owen Hall" and Sidney Jones's mostly smart works, "A Gaiety Girl," "An Artist's Model," "The Geisha," and "A Greek Slave." At the Gaiety, "The Shop-Girl," written by H. J. W. Dam and composed by Ivan Caryll, formed the first big success of this new kind of theatrical and musical fare. And, since then, "A Circus Girl" and "A Runaway Girl" have been the most conspicuous triumphs at that house.

At the time I looked in upon my old friend Edwardes, a few days ago, to present the best wishes of *The Sketch* for his newest venture—namely, Mr. Edward A. Morton and Sidney Jones's new Chinese play, "San Toy"—then just upon due at Daly's, I found him somewhat in throes, so to speak, concerning this splendidly mounted piece and the rehearsal cares connected therewith.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

TENTH (PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN ROYAL) HUSSARS.

Each branch of the cavalry arm can be distinctly traced back to its original foundation. Thus, the cuirassiers, our Life Guards and Horse Guards, are the descendants of steel-clad chivalry, who, through weight of arm and horse, bore down among the enemy's ranks from the days of Agincourt to the charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava. The Dragoon, originally a mounted infantryman, was able to traverse great distances in a short time, and to bring an effective musketry fire to bear upon an enemy. The Lancer is originally a Polish institution, as his garb shows at the present day. The origin of the Hussar is, perhaps, still more obscure, and deserves a word of explanation.

During the wars of the Turks against Austria, all possible efforts were made to resist their invasions. Splendid material for light cavalry was found among the Magyars of the Hungarian plains, men who spent all their days on horseback.

The order of levying troops in Hungary was as follows: Each Hungarian magnate called his tenants together and enrolled as light cavalry such as rented twenty acres or more. The Magyar word for twenty being "huss," the word for an acre being "ar," the light cavalry thus enrolled were called, "Hussars." For many years they were regarded as anything but regular troops, and they certainly earned but a poor reputation for discipline. Nevertheless, as they were uncommonly active and intelligent, and game for unlimited "roughing it," they were readily enlisted by that canny old soldier Frederick the Great at the beginning of the Seven Years' War. In those days, to be a Hussar, or even an officer of Hussars, was by no means a recommendation from a social point of view, and we find instances in Frederick the Great's Army Orders which plainly point out that the Hussars, however useful in the "tented field," were by no means easily persuaded to suppress their predatory instincts. An Army Order of Frederick the Great's says that "All sutlers, women, and Hussars caught looting are to be hanged at once," and, indeed, two officers and three men of Hussars were hanged for that offence shortly after the order was issued. Still, the Seven Years' War was a grand time for the real Hussar, and gradually their social standing improved; and we find that grand old blade, Ziethen, in command of Hussars, wearing his braided jacket at the King's table, and regaling him with anecdotes of his Hussars' dash and daring. Another famous Hussar was Field-Marshal Blücher. He began his military career in the Swedish Regiment of Yellow Hussars, and, owing to his own recklessness, was taken prisoner by a private of Prussian Hussars. He then joined the 5th Regiment of Prussian Hussars, which still bears his name.

When at the beginning of this century the braided jacket was introduced into England it seemed to have found its proper destination. To the dashing recklessness of the Magyar horsemen was superadded the cool bravery that has helped the sons of Albion to build up our Empire. The first regiment to wear the slung jacket were the 10th Prince of Wales' Own Light Dragoons.

Raised in 1715, they fought at Falkirk and Culloden, and served in Germany in 1758. From Dragoons they were changed into Light Cavalry in 1783, and in 1784 they changed from red to blue.

In 1806 the 10th were given the braided jacket, and as 10th Hussars they embarked for Spain in 1808. Serving under Sir John Moore, we find them always on the spot when fighting is going on, charging against enormous odds at Sahagun, overthrowing French cavalry; in constant skirmishes on outpost duty, everywhere where danger was to be met and honour to be won, fighting French cavalry at Majorga, covering the Army's retreat on Beneventa, and guarding the fords on the River Esla. General Lefebvre Desnouettes, with six hundred sabres, after many ineffectual attempts, at last manages to drive in the vedettes and cross the river. His landing is impeded by the 18th Hussars, who manage to detain him till Major Quentin and his 10th Hussars hurl themselves upon him. A desperate hand-to-hand fight—but weight of arm must tell; the French cavalry are driven back, and General Lefebvre Desnouettes falls a prisoner to Private Levi Grisdale, of the 10th Hussars.

The Général managed to escape, only to be taken prisoner again at Waterloo. He was subsequently drowned off the coast of Ireland.

Sevastopol and Ali Musjid figure among the records of the 10th Hussars. Best remembered is, no doubt, their share in Afghanistan, 1878-79. Nor are they strangers to the Continent of Africa, as "Egypt, 1884," bears witness. South Africa calls them, too. We have seen, and our fathers have told us, the gallant deeds of the 10th, the "Shiners" in the days of old. May good fortune attend every dashing Hussar!

FOR THE FRONT.

From Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



THE 10TH (PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN ROYAL) HUSSARS.



OFFICERS OF THE 10TH (PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN ROYAL) HUSSARS.

MR. KRUGER'S DRIVER

Here in the heart of London we have a man who has had in his keeping, so to speak, the life of Mr. Kruger (writes a representative of *The Sketch*). That man is Joseph Carey, who was at one time coachman of the President of the Transvaal. He is an Irish-Boer, according to his proud statement, his grandfather being an Irishman.



JOSEPH CAREY, MR. KRUGER'S DRIVER.

Photo by Skillman, Earl's Court.

Carey has a frank, open expression, in which courage and good-nature combine. Still, it is more of a Dutch than Irish type. He is somewhat tall, and sturdily built, with massive shoulders and powerful arms. He is the most noted whip and driver of the Transvaal. He was for eight years in the Transvaal Artillery, four years of that period being passed as coachman to the President. The men employed in the household of the President are necessarily military men serving under the Government, all being members of the Artillery Corps. The possibilities of the position held by Carey to the President are more important than at first appears. This was a duty relegated to no ordinary driver. Only a man thoroughly trustworthy could fill the box-seat of the President's carriage. Suppose for a moment that Carey had let the President's horses run away, or that he had relaxed his vigilant watch on the horses and his command of the reins in rounding a dangerous kopje or crossing a deep sluit! Consider the possibilities! The character of things in South Africa at the present moment might have had a very different aspect.

Now, it was a fortunate thing for Mr. Kruger and the Republic that Carey had that dash of Irish blood in his veins; it gave him that quality of good faith so necessary in those attached to the President's person, and at the same time the drop of British blood leavened the crafty, treacherous strain of the Boer. Certainly the Boer possesses many

sterling qualities, but, unfortunately, straightforward dealing is not one of them. I had a long talk with Carey one day recently, and the incidents of his eventful career would form a fascinating book of adventures. He drove Mr. Kruger's carriage on two historical occasions: the first, when the President went to meet Sir Charles Warren at Fourteen Streams, after the Warren Expedition which drove sections of the Boers out of Stellaland; the second occasion being when the President drove to meet Sir Henry Loch. He also drove President Kruger in 1889 to the Free State deputation. On State occasions Carey wore uniform, but for ordinary duties he dressed as a simple burgher.

Undoubtedly the most interesting incident of Carey's career to English readers is the well-known circumstance of the attack on the Gwelo mail-coach by the Matabele during the late war. All of London and a considerable part of provincial folk have seen this famous coach at Earl's Court in the marvellous spectacular circus of Mr. Frank Fillis. But I doubt whether many in the vast crowds that witness the mimic attack on the famous and battered coach are aware of the fact that the driver arrayed in corduroys, red shirt, and gigantic Boer hat is Joseph Carey, the identical "whip" on that terrible occasion.

Carey is essentially a modest and very retiring man. His knowledge of English is somewhat limited. It is difficult to get him to talk of his exploits; I succeeded, however, in breaking through this reserve by a few tactful remarks about his Irish origin, and he soon proved that he inherited not a little of the eloquence of his Irish forbears. "I left Gwelo in the evening," began Mr. Carey, "with a passenger-list of six, no women included, which was lucky, as things turned out. At the first station I came to where I usually got fresh mules, I found the mules and boys had all disappeared; at the second station, I found the stables burnt to the ground and the boys all gone; my third stopping-place was reached at nine in the morning. Here I found the storekeeper dead, the mules all gone, and the station burned out. I stopped but a few moments, and set out again. The mules were by this time nearly worn-out, and, in consequence, I could travel the coach but very slowly. Suddenly we saw the Kaffirs in the distance. I whipped up the mules and tried to escape, but it was no use. The Kaffirs began firing, and soon got pretty close. I jumped off the coach, and, with the passengers, took to the bush. The Kaffirs killed the mules and demolished the coach, throwing the pieces into a sluit. All the while we were hiding in the bush, we could hear the Kaffirs shouting that they would catch us and kill us before night. We kept in the bush and travelled under its cover for many weary hours. At last help came, in the way of Colonel Napier's Rescue Patrol. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon. We all had a narrow escape. I afterwards went back to the station and secured the coach—patched it up to treasure as a relic of that exciting day. It is the same coach I now drive in the scenes of 'Savage South Africa' at Earl's Court."



JOSEPH CAREY (LATE COACHMAN TO MR. KRUGER), NOW PERFORMING AT EARL'S COURT, AND THE ORIGINAL GWELO COACH ATTACKED BY THE MATABELE MARCH 27, 1896.



THE MAIL-TRAIN LEAVING THE TERMINUS AT CAPE TOWN.



BRIDGE THAT CONNECTS THE TRANSVAAL WITH CAPE COLONY.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE CAPE GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.



THE RIGHT HON. CECIL RHODES, THE IDOL OF CAPE COLONY.

AFTER RUNNING THE GAUNTLET OF THE BOERS, HE IS NOW IN KIMBERLEY, WHERE HE FEELS AS SAFE AS IN PICCADILLY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES
WHILE LORD SALISBURY IS AFT AT THE HELM, MR. CHAMBERLAIN TAKES HIS WATCH FOR'ARD, THE GLASS AT HIS STARBOARD EYE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S HOME-COMING.

It was a great occasion—one of the greatest in the history of New York, one of the greatest in the history of the United States. It was worthy of the man in whose honour the Government had re-created the title of Admiral, which no man has held since the days of Farragut.

It was soon after eleven when the Admiral started in his carriage-and-four, following a battalion of sailors from his own ship. It was just about two when he reached the reviewing-stand, where he stood for four long hours watching the troops, to the number of 31,000, go by, and during the whole of that time it seemed as though the entire city were possessed of but one voice, and one idea—to shout as loudly as it possibly could with that one voice.

But, even without the central figure, those who had travelled hundreds, and even thousands, of miles to take part in the celebration, assisted at a unique ceremonial, for New York had decorated itself out of all knowledge. One of the most striking of all the schemes was the one which caused the Admiral to make the only stop in his progress. In a great stand, stretching in length over a whole block, at Central Park and Seventy-Second Street, were ranged considerably more than

Forum. Unlike that classic original, however, the Dewey Arch had four supports instead of two. The main body of the arch reached seventy-five feet above the street, but from the ground to the top of the Victory which crowned it—Victory standing in a boat surrounded by Tritons and drawn by massive horses—it rose to a height of a hundred feet.

On the faces of the piers of the arch were groups thirty feet high, containing figures twelve feet high. These groups represented the "Call to Arms," "The Combat," "The Triumphant Return," and "Peace," and above them were the spandrel figures representing the East and the North Rivers, while above the spandrel figures, four on each side, stood eight heroes. On the side spandrels were eight medallions of other Naval commanders, and on the sides of the arch two bas-reliefs, one representing "The Protection of our Country," and the other "The Progress of Civilisation." All these various groups and figures were designed and executed by some of the most celebrated sculptors in the country, free of charge, and it has been estimated that, if their work had had to be paid for, the cost of the arch would have been not £7000, but £70,000.

One great innovation in the scheme of decoration was the tendency to make the houses in the different blocks harmonise in their general



WAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE PROCESSION AT THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURTON, NEW YORK.

two thousand children from the various schools. In honour of the occasion, they were dressed in the Naval colours, blue and white; but, instead of being allowed to take their places in indiscriminate order, they were massed in such a way that those in blue formed a background for their comrades in white, who were grouped to spell the name of the Admiral himself in letters full of life; and white letters and blue background sang patriotic melodies as he passed.

In all the mass of decoration along the route, the neighbourhood of the Triumphal Arch was naturally the most conspicuous. From Thirty-Fourth Street to Madison Square the decorations were most elaborate, forming a fitting approach to the majesty of the arch itself. Down both sides of the street were masts of pure white, wound with laurel wreaths, and surmounted by golden eagles with outspread wings above a laurel wreath, beneath which was a scroll bearing the name of one of the ships of the Admiral's fleet, while above the eagles fluttered streamers of red, white, and blue. In the middle of each block, on a pedestal ten feet high, stood a great winged Victory bearing in uplifted hands a laurel wreath, and a similar figure of Victory on gilt columns forty-five feet high adorned the ends of each block, while the white poles were connected to each other and with the columns bearing the Victory by festoons of laurel.

The arch, which took many weeks in the making, and cost the city fully £7000, was modelled on the famous Arch of Titus in the Roman

plan, while at the same time keeping a certain individuality. This was achieved by massing the decorations from the side of the third-storey windows to the ground, thus emphasising that line which was marked out by the Naval colours ornamented with the Stars and Stripes. From the windows of the first and second storeys and from balconies, permanent or improvised rugs were hung, in imitation of the old Venetian custom when the Admirals came home in triumph. Flowers, of course, played a conspicuous part in the decorations, in great baskets and in jardinières, as well as made up into shields, anchors, masts, and columns.

Red, white, and blue was the order of the day, especially white and blue, and even the sky deigned to reflect the prevailing feeling. It was Dewey weather, and Dewey weather is equivalent to Queen's weather. The sky itself was blue draped with white clouds, and, stretching almost into cloudland itself, great white kites were flying, bearing on their cords the Star-Spangled Banner, the Admiral's flag, and messages of welcome which seemed to be floating on the wings of the wind, for their means of support were quite invisible.

Thirty thousand men and more, and a hundred times thirty thousand more, to do honour to one man; and, among those thirty thousand men, one woman did honour to her sex and herself—one woman in the uniform coat and cap of the Cincinnati Light Battery, which brought up the rear of the Ohio representation.

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S HOME-COMING.

From Photographs by Burton, New York.



FIRST OF THE "OLYMPIA'S" CREW PASSING IN REVIEW.



ADMIRAL DEWEY AND MAYOR VAN WYCK LEAVING CITY HALL AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF THE LOVING-CUP.



MR. LEWIS WALLER,

Who plays very strikingly as Philip in Mr. Tree's splendid production of "King John," at Her Majesty's Theatre.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



Hubert (Franklin McLeay).

King John (Mr. Tree).

Queen Elinor (Mrs. Bateman). Arthur (Master Sefton)

"KING JOHN," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE: AN UNFAITHFUL SKETCH.

[Having experienced some difficulty in obtaining character photographs of the players in "King John," at Her Majesty's, I sent Mr. Tom Browne along with his sketch-book. Behold the lamentable result!—ED. "SKETCH."]



MR. GEORGE EDWARDES,

One of the most successful theatrical managers in London. His latest triumph was the production of "San Toy," at Daly's Theatre, last Saturday evening.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SUTCLIFFE, WHITBY.

"THE SKETCH" COMEDIES.

A BRIGHTON BLUNDER.

BY CLO GRAVES.

[All Rights Reserved by the Authoress.]

HE and SHE, secretly engaged, meet on the Madeira Road early in the forenoon.

SHE (*describing her soul's idol in the distance*). Oh-h-h! How splendid he looks! Duck!

HE (*becoming aware of the presence of the one woman without whom the world were a howling desert*). Rippin' little girl, by Jove! Lucky devil I, and no mistake!

BOTH (*meeting*). { How j' do?
Do!

[*They shake hands stiffly, and look carefully away from each other.*]

HE (*with a rigid countenance, speaking in a very gruff voice*). You look—lovely in that hat!

SHE (*with a disgusted air, and a bored accent*). I'm so glad you think so!

HE (*after a lengthy pause*). Have you told your mother yet?

SHE. About—us?

HE. Yes!

SHE. No!

HE. Funky?

SHE. I hate a rumpus. And there will be one!

HE (*gloomily*). Ain't I eligible?

SHE. You are—in a way; but other people are more so. Catch on?

HE. Humph! You mean—Lord Robert?

SHE. Beast! Yes.

HE. He is a beast. (*With conviction*). Stayin' at my hotel, too.

SHE. The "Met."?

HE. The "Met." Saw him takin' his absinthe in the coffee-room this mornin'. Spilt the water all over the place, and finally upset a carafe; but, when he'd got outside his allowance, he tackled his feed cheerily enough.

SHE. You realise what his presence here entails?

HE. The deuce I do! What?

SHE. If he has turned up, it is by pre-arrangement—

HE. With your Mater? Dear old lady!

SHE. As she is to be your mother-in-law, it is as well you like her. Listen! You must break the ice and tell her—all.

HE. Oh, come!

SHE. To-night on the West Pier. Make up your mind, blurt everything out, and then—

HE. Then the band will begin to play. (*Dolefully*). Whew!

SHE. Are you a man?

HE. You have confirmed me in the idea. (*With a flash of inspiration*). Look here, I've a notion. My Pater is coming down this afternoon. We dine together at the Métropole before he goes on to the Hydro. I'll toddle him down to the Pier this evening, bath-chair and all, and while I'm making a clean breast to your mother, you can break the news to him. Of course, he'll be shirty at first—

SHE (*coldly*). Am I not eligible?

HE. You're a dear, but you ain't a female guinea-pig like—

SHE. I see! Like Lady Leah Moses?

HE. The Pater and old Sir Judah are as thick as thieves. They're Directors of the South Brazilian Amber-Field Syndicate and the Isle of Man Diamond-Mining Company, and a dozen others.

SHE. Then, of course, that's why they are as thick as thieves.

HE (*hurriedly*). Pater likes a pretty girl, though he does want me to marry an oofy one. Get hold of him, and get round him. Put beauty and brains in the balance against shares and a Semitic snuffle, and ten to one he'll give in, bestow his blessing, and mark the day—our wedding-day—with his biggest chalkstone. (*Coaxingly*). Come, shall we make the plunge—together?

SHE. Y—yes!

HE. Righto!

SHE. Here's Lord Robert. He doesn't see me yet.

HE. Let's skedaddle!

[*They do. Some hours pass. The scene changes to the West Pier. Starshine, electric-lamplight, and the strains of a Bavarian band commingle.*]

HE (*to the PATER, who leans, softly cursing the gout, upon his filial arm, the Bath-chair following behind*). Pretty girl this, don't you think? (*As she advances*.)

HIS PATER. My eyes are full of gout, damn 'em! When you're as old as I am, you'll judge of women—and all other marketable articles—from a nearer point of view. (*Putting up eye-glasses*). But she is a pretty gal—doosid taking gal! Seem to know her face—seem to know the old woman's. (*Alluding to her mother, who happens to be his junior by some twenty years*). Oh! (*enlightened by a filial whisper*), those

people! Good family, but without one sixpence to rub against another. (*Is introduced to her*). Charmed, my dear young lady! (*Renews acquaintance with her mother*). Had the pleasure before. . . My sister, Lady Owsterbridge, introduced us at her boy's wedding.

[*The four pair off, HE assuming the temporary guardianship of her mother, SHE accepting the tottery protection of his male parent. A perambulatory interval, during which nothings are nicely said.*]

HIS PATER. Uncommonly kind of a charming young lady like yourself to confer your society upon a gouty old fellow!

SHE (*softly*). Oh, don't call yourself old! Call yourself middle-aged!

HIS PATER (*who has called himself middle-aged until the joke became too obvious*). You're doosid kind! Perhaps (*looking ghastly in the moonlight behind his dyed old moustache*), it would be more correct. But still, my dear young lady, I am old in comparison with a fresh, dainty, charming girl—like yourself, begad! And you must find me dull company.

SHE. Oh no! I should like to be with you always!

HIS PATER (*delightfully tickled*). Would you—ahem! Would you, my dear young lady?

SHE (*thinking that HE has said something to pave the way for an avowal of their engagement*). May I hope—Oh! don't think me forward or bold!—that one day I shall see a great deal more of you than I do now?

HIS PATER. The devil you may! I mean— (*Confounded and stuttering*). You can't possibly be in earnest?

SHE (*tearfully*). But I am! Oh, before you knew—before you found out—didn't you feel that love was in the air?

HIS PATER (*to himself*). Either this charming girl is a gentle maniac, or I am an infernally fascinating man. (*Comes to the last conclusion, puts his arm round her waist, and, taking advantage of an unusually wide strip of shadow, kisses her*.)

SHE (*to herself*). This is horrible, but I am enduring it for Him! And, if he sees us from a distance, he'll guess that things are going on all right.

HE (*not unmoved*). Clever little thing! I said she'd get round the old gentleman in a twinkling. (*To her MATER*). I am so glad of the opportunity of being alone with you—you cannot imagine how glad!

HER MATER (*sagely to herself*). "In the dark all cats are grey"—and this young man has but just dined. (*Surrendering a seven-and-three-quarter glove to his would-be filial pressure*). Really!

HE. Because it gives me a chance of unburdening my heart. Oh, do not bid me be silent! (*Her MATER, remembering that she has been for ten arid years a widow, does not do anything of the kind*). Have you never guessed when we—we have been together, how, how ardently I longed for closer communion—companionship nearer still?

HIS PATER (*to whom it has suddenly dawned that this young man is only intoxicated by the passion of love for a woman old enough to be his mother*). Oh, can you—can you be speaking in earnest? Would such companionship really, really make you happy?

HE (*passionately*). Can you—can you doubt it? In possessing the woman I adore, should I not know happiness—the utterest of all? Oh, answer me! Consent to our union—grant my prayer!

HER MATER (*giving him the other seven-and-three-quarter glove*). Not now! I must think. But come and call to-morrow at twelve—Rosie will be out cycling—and you shall hear the answer of my heart!

[*She kisses him.*]

HE (*ruefully*). Got to put up with it! Horrid! But I hope Rosie saw. She'll guess we're getting on like thunder!

[*SHE has seen and is delighted.*]

HIS PATER (*chuckling*). So you're sure? Quite, quite sure, my pet? (*To himself*). I must tell the boy about my conquest. Bold little hussy! I've half a mind to take her at her word! Quite sure you could put up with an old—I mean, a man who is no longer young?

SHE. How, when your son is so dear to me, could I help loving his father?

HIS PATER. Confound me, you young—I mean, my dear Miss—I should say (*spitting with indignation*), do you mean that all this time you have been proposing for my son, and not to me?

[*Tableau.*]

HER MATER (*at the same instant*). Why should Rosie be sent out cycling? Why, to get the child out of the way, of course. She could not fail to feel painfully *de trop* in a situation (*simpering*) of the kind! (*As he gapes helplessly, with feminine quickness discovering her mistake*). She is engaged to Lord Robert Saltire, you know, though it is not formally announced as yet. He is eminently desirable in every way, and the less she is brought into contact with delightful detriments (*rubbing it in*) of your class, the better, Captain Hawbuck. Rosie, darling, it is time to go home! Good-night.

(*Exeunt omnes and CURTAIN.*)



MISS MAUDIE DARRELL, OF DALY'S THEATRE.

Miss Maudie Darrell, who has not yet been a year on the stage, presents a great suggestion of that "chie" which is peculiarly associated with Frenchwomen. In "The Gaiety Girl" she played the Society lady, the part which is associated with the name of Countess Russell. Miss Darrell also takes part in "San Toy," at the same theatre. This photograph is by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



SCENIC DESIGN FOR THE FIRST FANCY-DRESS BALL OF THE COVENT GARDEN SEASON.
THE SCENE SO CLEVERLY DEPICTED, REPRESENTS THE GROUNDS OF THE FORTHCOMING PARIS EXHIBITION.

